

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*

Hearthstone

UNITY SCHOOL



- **The School Bell Rings for Johnny - Clarence Edwin Flynn**
- **Family Portraits - Harvey C. Jacobs**

AUGUST, 1953 + 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Contents

ARTICLES

The School Bell Rings for Johnny	Clarence Edwin Flynn	2
Doing What Comes Naturally	Edith F. Osteyee	4
Democracy Is Homemade (Study Article and Study Guide)	Idris W. and Elizabeth N. Jones	9
Family Portraits	Harvey C. Jacobs	13
Let's Move to the City	Minnie May Lewis	18
A Christian Woman in Business	Hazel Thomson	21
A Sermon to Live By	Nancy Brewer	25
A Cheerful Woman at Home	Mark Wilcox	27

FICTION

A Place to Fill	Julia Collier	6
Story for Children		
Wabbles and Waddles	Bernice Barnes Fritz	20

FEATURES

All in the Family	Harold Helfer	12
Prayer of a Homemaker: In Gratitude for Sunrise	Ruth C. Ikerman	14
Resources for Worship in the Family with Young Children		15
This Is the Way We Did It: Parties	Frances M. Powers	23
Biblegram	Hilda E. Allen	28
Family Counselor	Dr. George W. Crane	29

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Today's Fun

Someone has said, "For sleep, health and wealth to be truly enjoyed, they must be interrupted." We think we should have added a fourth—work. And how best can work be interrupted if not by fun? For it is fun—laughter and merriment—whether from swimming in the "crick," riding on a roller-coaster or playing baseball or tennis—that gives zest to our actions, ambition to our planning, clarity to our thinking.

Today's fun is sometimes concentrated on week ends or in summer vacation. But the anticipation of it and the recollection of it are not concentrated. And because both the expectation and the memory, as well as the fun itself, are enhanced if shared with others, we think today's best fun is family fun.

Today's fun is for both young and old. Few today would agree with this Mark Twainism of 1901: "The first half of life consists of the capacity to enjoy without the chance; the last half consists of the chance without the capacity." You wouldn't believe it either not if you'd ever stood earthbound as you waved good-by to your 80-year-old mother aboard an almost fogbound plane on a pleasure jaunt, and not if you'd ever listened to a 77-year-old recounting the fun he'd had on a solo cross-country bus trip.

And now, if you're about to take off on a vacation, *have fun!* And if you've just returned and are exchanging experiences with others, *have fun!*

● **This Issue . . .** A leader in the field of religious journalism, Edith F. Osteyee, writes on how to choose a vacation. With persuasive examples, she urges every young person to make full use of his God-given endowments so that finally, when his labors are over, he may say with satisfaction: "My heart found pleasure in all my toil, this was my reward for all my toil" (Eccles 2:10).

The family council stimulates thoughtfulness, solves knotty problems, and provides experience in the ways of democracy. Two articles here extol its value: "Democracy Is Homemade" and "Family Portraits." "The School Bell Rings for Johnny" tells parents how to prepare their children for school years.

● **Next Month . . .** If there's dust on your family Bible, you'll want to read, "No Dust on Our Bible" and "Pray and Praise Together." If you've been examining your own traits and attitudes, you'll find helpful: "Twinkling Stars Against a Gloomy Sky" and "Outgrowing Your Childishness." And a special Labor Day feature, Jerome Davis has written, "The Christian and the Labor Movement." —I. P. B.

A Message of Hope

How beautiful upon the mountains
are the feet of him who brings good
tidings,
who publishes peace, who brings good tidings
of good,
who publishes salvation,
who says to Zion, "Your God reigns."
Hark, your watchmen lift up their voice,
together they sing for joy;
for eye to eye they see

the return of the LORD to Zion.
Break forth together into singing,
you waste places of Jerusalem;
for the LORD has comforted his people,
he has redeemed Jerusalem.
The LORD has bared his holy arm
before the eyes of all the nations;
and all the ends of the earth shall see
the salvation of our God.

—Isaiah 52:7-10

A Word from The Word

SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST
Jacopo del Sellaio
Florentine, 1441-1493
National Gallery of Art
Washington, D. C.
(Samuel H. Kress Collection)



WHETHER you know it or not and whether you like it or not, one of the most important days in the history of your family is the one when your bright-faced little American first starts off to school. You think about it a long while ahead of time, make all the preparations, bid him good-by, and watch his little form disappear up the street. He has come to an important milestone in his experience, and so have you in yours.

Perhaps you did not realize how you would feel when the time came, and perhaps you hardly know how you do feel as you turn back to the work of a morning that will be a bit more silent and lonely without him around the house. You are grateful that, for the present, the separation is to be for short periods at a time. You realize that it has to be so, that you should be glad he is well, that he has safely arrived at school age, and that he has such a good chance to prepare for life. Perhaps, like most parents, you dream that he is destined for some important place in his time, and know that he has now made his start up the ever-challenging road of destiny.

All this may be true, but there is something else also to remember.

By CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

The School Bell Rins

There is a simple fact that you will need to consider much, and to which you will need to keep yourself adjusted as time goes on. It is a fact that your child has now stepped out from the sheltered protection of the home for a part of the day, to meet the larger world and learn from it what he will. From this time on, yours will be only one of the voices to which he will be listening and only one of the influences by which his life will be affected.

Happy are you if you have made whatever preparation his mind has needed for this day, so that what he learns henceforth may be clarified by being checked

against what he already knows and believes. The truth he hears will then fit in with an already growing pattern; and the falsehood he hears, if any, may be rejected and overcome by it. Happy are you if you have given him this shield and buckler, together with the disposition to use them.

You are now to have a partner in his further training—his teacher. Happy are you, again, if you and she take cooperative attitudes toward each other, realizing what such a partnership implies. If she shares your interest in and affection for him, and if you and she understand each other and cooperate for his best interests, you will be richly repaid for any adjustment of emotions that may be required to make it so. His teacher is your ally, and probably desires the very same things for him that you do, especially the full development of his personality and his powers.

If you do not know his teacher already, you should get acquainted with her as soon as possible. You will probably find her a very fine person and a worth-while addition to your list of per-

When your child leaves the sheltered protection of his home he'll take with him the attitudes and interests he acquired there.

Holt Scott



Johnny

onal friends. She will appreciate your making the first move, for he will know by that, that you are really interested in her work with your child. Take care to approach her in the right spirit. Talk sincerely with her about him, about your experiences with him and your hopes for him. Ask her to speak freely with you about his progress, and consider what she says when she does so. You will learn much from each other, and thus be able to work more effectively together.

Early in the process, have his teacher for a dinner guest and encourage her to call informally, so that you, and she, and your child may know each other well and be on easy terms. Keep this relationship unbroken, and let it be a pleasant and understanding one, remembering, of course, that she also has other children and their parents to think of and serve.

Repeat the process with each new teacher as your child is promoted. The time will come when you will have quite a list of teacher friends. You will understand teachers and their problems better.

Try to understand the teacher's viewpoint. If she ever has to discipline your child, be careful about the attitude you take. Get the facts from her as well as from him. Subordinate emotion to reason and common sense. If all three of you honestly try to understand, every important interest will probably be served.

If you must honestly disagree, do so in friendly fashion. There are all the days ahead of him to think of, and you need to keep the situation as favorable as possible



From this time on, yours will be only one of the voices to which he will be listening and only one of the influences by which his life will be affected.

for his sake. If you can help him to know and remember his teachers with appreciation, even though some of them may have been more deserving of it than others, you will have helped him to build an attitude that will always be of value and importance to him.

It so happens, though, that when a child starts to school, his officially appointed teacher is not the only one from whom he begins to learn. He has begun to come into contact with the wider world which has all kinds of people and a little of everything in it. His mind is young and keen, and he will probably get acquainted with his world very rapidly.

You will no longer be able to determine and control all the influences to which he will be exposed, nor can his teacher. Conversations on playground and street make quite a part of any child's education. No one has ever found a way to change that, nor is it certain that we should wish to. Thus far, you have decided with whom Johnny would meet and talk. He will now meet and make friends with children of whom you never heard before.

Many of these friends and influences will be of a kind you will

gladly approve. Perhaps most of them will be, possibly all of them; but there is no guarantee of that. If you can keep his confidence so he will always speak freely to you of those he meets, what he sees and hears, and where he is invited, you will strengthen your position.

Since we live in a democracy with free schools and free speech, there is not so much that can be done about this situation, especially when it is most people's idea of the best way to go about growing up. You will not help matters much, if at all, by keeping Johnny out of the public school and sending him to an exclusive private one. The economic level of his associations would be somewhat different, but that is about all. He would still be part of the same world and the same generation in the same country and among the same people where presumably he is to live his life.

Consider carefully whether this early adjustment is not essentially a good thing. Sooner or later your child has to take his chances among people from all kinds of homes and with all kinds of ideas and upbringings. Probably he can begin to adjust him-

(Continued on page 30.)

By Edith F. Osteyee

Mrs. Herbert F. Osteyee is director of the Christian Author's Guild, and editor of "The Compass"



National Gallery of Art
Washington, D. C.
(Samuel H. Kress Collection)

Terra-cotta by
Giovanni Della Robbia
Florentine, 1469-1529

THE YOUNG CHRIST

When Mary and Joseph found Jesus in the temple, "sitting among the teachers, listening to them and asking them questions," they were astonished. In tarrying in the temple, Jesus was but following his own natural inclinations and interests, preparing for his great ministry to come.

AS THE FRONT door slammed, Mr. Baker glanced up from his paper.

"Hi, Dad," Jerry called cheerfully.

Mr. Baker looked his son up and down, then said, "Is this my son, or a grease monkey? What have you been doing?"

"Helping out at Smith's Garage," Jerry grinned. "They sure get some beauties down there."

Suddenly Mr. Baker jumped up, throwing the paper to the floor. "I'll have no son of mine working as a mechanic." His face grew more red as his voice rose. "We belong to the fourth estate,

and you are going to be a country newspaper editor as your father and your grandfather were."

"But, Dad . . ." began Jerry.

"But nothing," sputtered his father. "Who ever heard of a Baker being an automobile mechanic? You know you are going to college next month to take up journalism. Why don't you help with news gathering, or do something useful in my office during your vacation?"

"But, Dad, I can't write." Jerry began to edge toward the door.

"Bah!" Mr. Baker kicked at the paper on the floor. "Of course you can write. All Bakers can

write. You never try. Ever since you were little all you want to do is fool around with bolts and nuts. First it was your wagon or sled, and now it's cars."

The fact that Jerry had never been able to master grammar, that he had had to repeat a grade because of poor English marks, that he showed no aptitude whatever for following in his father's footsteps, made no difference to Mr. Baker.

So Jerry went to a university; in fact, he attended three colleges of journalism in less than that many years. He flunked each course and was sent home from each one at the end of the first term. Books bored him: he wanted to work with his hands.

Finally, Mr. Baker capitulated and sent him to a technological school. Taking up the study of the linotype, Jerry soon mastered

DOING

WHAT COMES

Naturally

he intricacies of this machine, and liked it better than automobiles. Mr. Baker presented him with a country newspaper office as a graduation gift. Today, Jerry proudly does the mechanical work in his office while he hires an editor, much to his father's chagrin.

MARIE'S GREATEST desire was to become a concert pianist. This desire was fostered by her parents. As a child the only recreation which would tear her away from her beloved piano was playing nurse to her dolls. As she grew older, she would not give up her daily four hours at the piano for tennis or swimming or other sports. But she would gladly stop to bind up a little sister's scratched finger or rub Grandma's rheumatic shoulder.

In spite of her piano teacher's warning that she had no real musical talent, upon graduation Marie's parents sacrificed to send her to a conservatory of music in the city. After two months she was told, gently but firmly, that she would never make a pianist. Utterly crushed, she refused to return home where she would suffer the pity of family and friends. Instead, she took up nurses' training. Today she is superintendent of one of the large nurses' training schools in the Middle West.

Marie says, "Playing the piano did not come naturally, although I wanted it that way. Nursing did."

BUT I DON'T have any talents," wailed Edna, in a church school class where the girls were discussing the parable on that subject. "Hester can sew, Marilyn can play the piano, Nancy sings, Marge can cook, but I can't do anything."

"You do too have a talent, Goosie," replied Nancy. "You have the gift of gab."

"That's right," added the wise teacher. "And you can use it to the glory of God just as much as if you could sing or play."

Edna's life from that moment became dedicated. Eventually she became a denominational worker, using her one talent as a curriculum counselor.

DOES SIX-YEAR-OLD David like to don an apron and play with his sister's dolls? Don't make fun of him, Father: his natural talent may run to becoming a pediatrician or a designer of women's clothes or something equally worth while.

Does eight-year-old Eunice line up her dolls every Sunday afternoon and preach to them the sermon she heard that morning? Don't discourage her, Mother, simply because you don't want a woman preacher in the family. Christian education offers many and diverse opportunities for women.

Does sixteen-year-old Tom love to cook and putter around the kitchen? Why ridicule him? The best chefs in the world are masculine.

Does charming sixteen-year-old

Marcia dream of being a movie star even though you parents feel you would rather see her die than be one? Don't worry. Most teenage girls have that desire at one time or another, just as most boys want to become professional athletes.

From early childhood parents should watch their children's play and encourage them to develop their individual talents. By the time Marcia and Jack reach adolescence, vocational guidance should not be difficult. If Jack shows decided trends toward athletics, or Marcia really has actress talents, you will know it. But the chances are their abilities lie in completely different fields.

Had Mr. and Mrs. Baker watched Jerry's native abilities express themselves in childhood

(Continued on page 31.)

The Tinkerer

You got anything to tinker today?

You got anything you were throwin' away?

A clock or a bike or even a gun,

A flashlight no good or a top that won't run?

I fix any gadget that's busted, you know.

I tinker my toys till they stop or they go.

You'll see by my playthings that lie all around,

I'm the handiest tinkerer you ever found.

I don't know why everybody gets mad—

They gave me the tools "for the Tinkerer Lad,"

But they frown or they scold or they grab them away

Just when I'm fixin' my auto at play.

You can't tinker toys and keep yourself clean.

I never get dirty just to be mean!

When I'm filthy from work, these words nearly squash:

"Get out of the dirt 'n' get in here and wash!"*

*The author, who is associate secretary of the Rhode Island Baptist Convention, wrote "The Tinkerer," after seeing the picture on the May, 1952, *Hearthstone* cover.—ED.

PAUL R. SHAUB

MR. DAN SUTHERLAND hunched his shoulders against the hammering voices. His dark, penetrating eyes, looking out of a leathery face, turned in bewilderment from one to another of his children: Marie, for twenty-five years the wife of Martin Tolliver, real estate broker of fashionable Chevy Chase, and Lew, down from New York City for a few days, with his wife Muriel. The old man sank a little lower in the big chair, in the elegant Tolliver living room.

His children might be right. He was seventy-five, and Johnnie was sixty. Johnnie Bresnahan, an orphan who had lived with the Sutherlands since he was ten. Only Mr. Sutherland and Johnnie were left on the old farm now.

"That big old barn of a house, Dad," Marie said, "and nobody to keep it. You don't have to live like that."

Mr. Sutherland could think of no fitting words. Lew spoke up. "You have a purchaser, haven't you, Martin?"

"Yes," Martin said, "I have. Jimmie Poletti wants the place."

"Is he a farmer?" Mr. Sutherland asked.

"Dad," Marie spoke crisply, "Jimmie Poletti is a well-known night club operator. He wants the place for a new club."

"He wants to turn our home into a night club?" said Mr. Sutherland, incredulity in his voice.

"It's exactly what he's looking for, Dad, and you'll get a big price, cash on the barrelhead," Martin said placatingly. "Only twenty miles from the city. And all that space in front for parking."

Mr. Sutherland looked helplessly around at his children, feeling their suppressed impatience. "But the maples on the lawn! Mother planted those trees the year you were born, Lew."

"I know, Dad," Lew began, his voice soft. "You see, we understand how lonely you are without mother. You'll be better off with one of us. Now, if Muriel and I could ever settle down" Lew turned to his wife, lounging easily on the couch.

A STORY—By Julia Collier

ILLUSTRATION BY J. A. TALONE

A Place

"Dad can live here, Lew," Marie cut in. "There's that big east room on the top floor and nobody up there but Martin's father. The two old men will be company for each other."

THE FRONT door opened and Marie's daughter Ginny came in, her cheeks pink from the bite of the wind, her eyes shining. From the time Ginny was in pigtails she had stayed at the farm much of the time. She loved it. Sometimes Mr. Sutherland felt that his only grandchild was closer to him than either of his own children ever had been.

"Hi, everybody!" Ginny said, tossing her coat on a chair. "Did I break into a conference?" She crossed the room to perch on the arm of her grandfather's chair. "What is it, Gramp? You on the carpet about something?"

"Ginny," her mother said, coldly, "we are discussing business."

"They want me to sell the farm, Ginny." Mr. Sutherland cleared his throat to hide the quiver in his voice. "They think I'm getting too old."

He felt Ginny's thin little hand tighten on his shoulder. "Sell the farm?" she gasped. "Oh, Gramp, don't!"

"Ginny, really!" her mother exclaimed. "We have important business to attend to—if you don't mind?"

Ginny rose to go. She stood small and straight, but the glance she gave her mother was one of helpless appeal. Then she turned and laid her hand on her grandfather's white hair. "Don't you do it Gramp, please!" and she left the room.

"You'll have another vacant room too, won't you, Marie?" Muriel asked. "Ginny's. She and

Phil are getting married soon, aren't they?"

Marie's voice hardened. "Those kids do have a crazy notion they want to live in the country. Phil is studying horticulture, and he graduates in June. What he needs is a job. If they do get married that's what I want them to do—get a job and stay here until they have some money ahead."

"But let's not waste time talking about Ginny now," Marie said, impatiently. "There's plenty of room for Dad here, whether Ginny goes or stays, and we've got this sale business to settle."

"What will we do about Johnnie?" Mr. Sutherland said.

"Why, Dad, Johnnie has his sister in west Texas to go to," Marie answered.

"But Johnnie wouldn't want"

"Now, Dad, you've taken care of Johnnie for fifty years. That's long enough. He has a little saved; you know he has. He will be all right. Now let's get this business settled. It's almost time for your bus."

Marie's mind was made up and so was Lew's. Their voices and Martin's and Muriel's pounded away at old Mr. Sutherland until he felt beaten down. Finally, he looked at his watch and rose wearily. "I don't want to talk about it any more now," he said, his voice a little shaky.

Lew sprang to steady his father. Martin brought his coat and hat. Marie spoke briskly. "Martin and Lew will take Mr. Poletti out to see you tomorrow, Dad. When you hear his offer, you'll grab it right away."

Without answering, Mr. Sutherland walked slowly out of the room and down to the bus stop across the street.

Fill

The next morning Mr. Sutherland rose before daylight and started a fire in the heater in his room to break the chill. Then he began to dress quietly. Better let Johnnie sleep awhile. Telling him had been hard. Johnnie wasn't young any more, either.

He looked around his room, his and Mother's. The warm old mahogany furniture, the softly faded blue rug, the pictures of the children, smiling down from the walls. His dark eyes met the blue ones of Mother's picture, silver framed upon the dresser. "I can't help it, Mother," he whispered. "They will beat me down."

He straightened at the sound of a heavy step in the hall. In a moment the door was pushed open and Johnnie looked in, the trouble lines zigzagging across his thin, bronzed face.

"You up already, Mr. Dan?" he said. "I see you got a fire going."

"I didn't want to wake you," Mr. Sutherland said. "It's early yet."

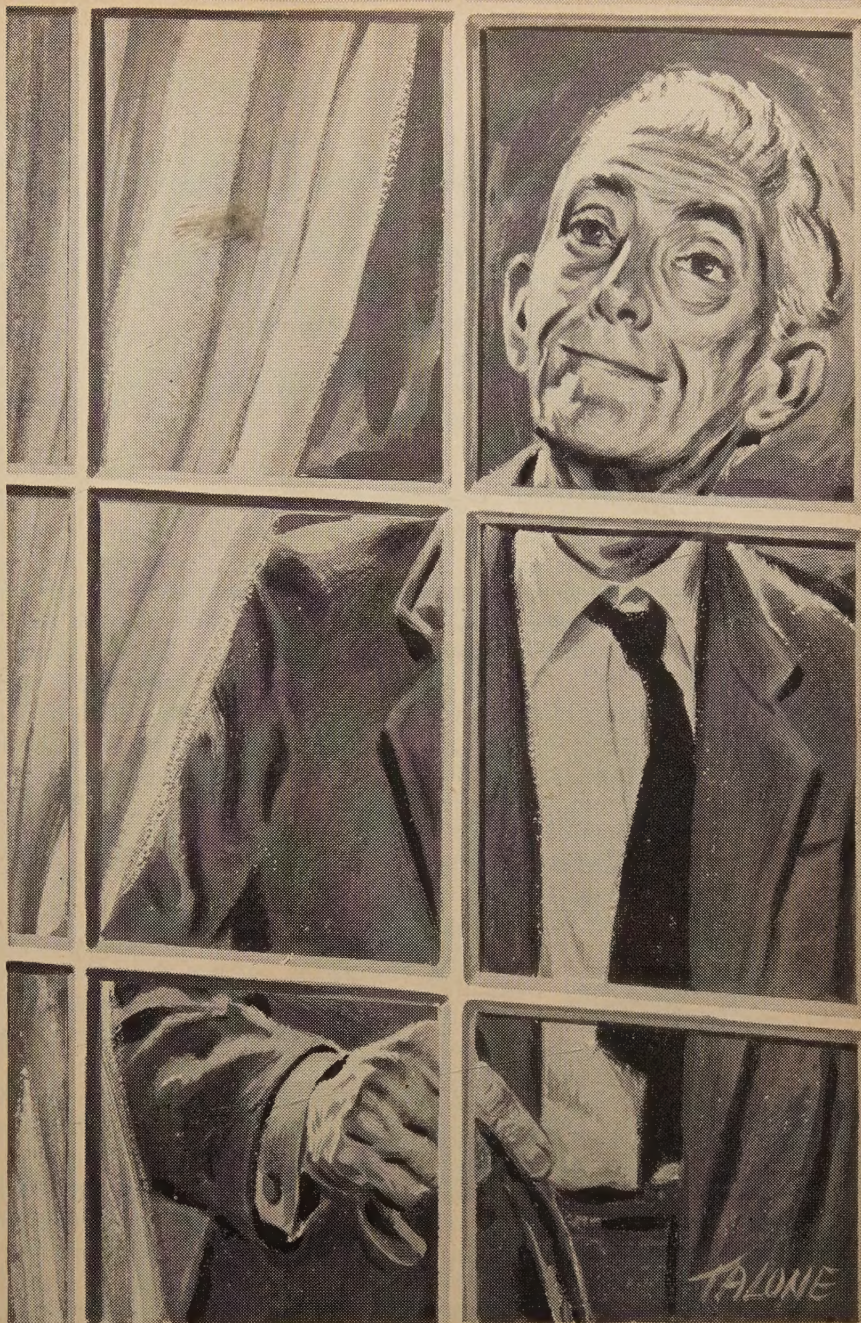
"I been up since five," Johnnie said. "I didn't sleep so good. That mocker yammered out there in the oak all night."

Mr. Sutherland had lain awake most of the night, and there had been no yammering, but he only said, "It was a long night."

"Thought we'd have wheat cakes and honey this morning," said Johnnie, as he went out.

Mr. Sutherland's throat tightened. Wheat cakes and honey! Always Mother's breakfast treat on important occasions. Birthdays, holidays, the children's homecomings. . . .

The cakes were light and hot, and the honey was delicious, but when Mr. Sutherland sat down to eat, the food was like cotton in his



At once the jumbled thoughts seemed to straighten out and fit themselves into a pattern

mouth. Coming back home at all had been a mistake. Better to have stayed at Marie's and let the children go ahead and get rid of everything.

"Don't you like the cakes, Mr. Dan?" Johnnie's voice broke the quiet. "You're not eating much."

"I can't swallow another bite." Mr. Sutherland got up. "It's going to be hard leaving here."

Johnnie began to clear the table. "You're right, Mr. Dan, but it's something we all have to face. A man can't expect to live always."

"It's not dying that bothers me.

Knowing there's no place for you any more is worse than dying."

Slowly Mr. Sutherland crossed the dining room into the living room. He'd get a book from the corner bookcase. He stood in the half light of the corner, and into his mind flashed the scene that he and Mother had come upon, in this very corner, when they ran in from the barn the day of the storm: Seven-year-old Marie with three frightened little boys, Lew and two neighbors, all huddled together singing "Jingle Bells" in a high, off-key treble.

Though clouds obscure the stars and moon
And leave night black,
As surely as earth turns, so soon
Day will come back.

Though light of joy and love depart
And seem withdrawn,
I'll hold the dream within my heart
Against the dawn.

GRACE BARKER WILSON

Mr. Sutherland turned away. He mustn't let memories break him down now. He crossed to the window and looked out.

Along the horizon a pink glow fanned out, heralding the rising sun. Seeing the distant hills touched with the green and gold of a new day, Mr. Sutherland half whispered the words of the psalmist: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

At once the jumbled thoughts began to straighten out in his mind and fit themselves into a pattern. Ginny's pleading words, "Don't sell the farm, Gramps, please." Her thin little hand on his shoulder. Her blue eyes so like Mother's. Through all the years of struggle Mother had never given up. What right had he to give up now? It's a man's duty to make his own decisions; do what he knows is right, even if he is an old man. He picked up the telephone.

Two hours later Mr. Sutherland heard footsteps on the porch and hurried to open the door. There stood Phil Baker, the young man Ginny was going to marry, his inky black hair bright in the sun, his eyes questioning.

"I got your message, Mr. Sutherland," he said, stepping quickly inside.

They did not take time to sit down. "I'll come to the point," said Mr. Sutherland. "You want to live on a farm, don't you, Phil?"

"Oh, yes, Sir," said Phil. "That's what I'm going to do. That's what Ginny wants, too."

Mr. Sutherland was thoughtfully pulling his ear when the doorbell rang sharply. It was Martin and Lew and a dark little man with a black mustache. Jimmie Poletti, Mr. Sutherland knew, even before the introductions.

Inside the room, Lew patted his father on the back and said breezily, "You're going to like Mr. Poletti's offer, Dad."

Mr. Sutherland squared his shoulders. "If it's about the place, Lew, Phil here and I had just about got that settled when you came in."

A silence filled the room. "Phil?" said Martin. "What's he got to do with it?"

Mr. Sutherland turned to Phil. "Let's pick up where we left off. You say you plan to be a farmer?"

"Yes, Mr. Sutherland, I do." Phil's eyes looked straight into Mr. Sutherland's face. "Ginny and I had a long talk last night. We decided to ask you to help us to get started. She hates to see the old place go, but if you do sell the house, we want to ask you to keep the tenant house and some of the land and rent it to us."

Phil spread out his arms in a gesture of determination. "I don't want a job in the city, Mr. Sutherland, working for someone else all my life. Ginny doesn't want that, either. We want to start out right here, where you and her grandmother started. Ginny says you were always happy here, and she knows we'll be, too."

The clock on the wall ticked loudly, and the men stood by in

silence. Phil put his hand on Mr. Sutherland's arm, and the word tumbled out: "About you, Mr. Sutherland. We want you to live out here with us. Ginny says the tenant house will be big enough for us all. She said you've always been so—so stable, and like a solid rock to her. I told her you are just the kind of man I want to be someday. We think you have a place to fill in our lives, Gramp. You'll give us both something to live up to."

Mr. Sutherland's old eyes stared at the breathless young man before him. Out of all Phil had said, four words were emblazoned in neon lights across his vision—a *place to fill*. He looked at Lew at Martin, and at Jimmie Poletti, younger men who, in the confusion of the times and the scramble for money, had seemed to lose sight of the eternal values. And suddenly in those faces Mr. Sutherland saw it all as clear as crystal. Men who have lived long, and have overcome a great deal, do have a place to fill. Something to give to young fellows like Phil, and girls like Ginny, who want to build useful lives on what they can do for themselves.

He squared his shoulders. Seventy-five wasn't old—not when there is a place where a man is needed. He laid his hand on Phil's tweedy shoulder.

"It's not the tenant house, it's this one that needs Ginny, Phil. And the farm needs a young man like you. I have decided to keep the place, all of it—the house, the lawn, all the maple trees."

In less than fifteen minutes the meeting was over, and the old Sutherland farm had a new manager. Mr. Sutherland opened the door; a smiling young man, with glory shining in his eyes, stepped back for the older men to pass. Jimmie Poletti adjusted the white scarf around his neck and extended his hand. "You've done a big thing today, Mr. Sutherland. A very big thing."

And looking into the changed faces of his son and his son-in-law as they walked out without a word, old Mr. Sutherland knew that they thought so, too.

Democracy Is Homemade

By Idris W. and Elizabeth N. Jones

Family councils, casual or formal, give individuals valuable experience in democratic processes. Here are ways to introduce them in the home, and ways to make them more effective

WHEN WE CONSIDER the marks of a Christian home, we realize that one distinguishing feature is its democracy. Jesus taught so definitely the worth and importance of each individual. So the family that is trying to be truly Christian will attempt to organize its activities and interests in such a way that each member of the family will be able to develop his own potentialities to the fullest. In a Christian home each member will sense his own worth and the importance of his own contribution to the life of the family. Decisions on matters of family concern will be made after parent and child alike have had the opportunity to know the facts and to form their own opinions.

In this Christian, democratic family, the outside responsibilities and interests of each member will be considered before home tasks are chosen. Jimmy's Cub Scout den meeting will take as important a place on the family calendar as Father's golf date. The financial needs of six-year-old Kathy will receive as serious consideration as will the need for a new refrigerator. Such decisions as where to spend the family vacation, whether to acquire a family pet, or when to entertain the foreign student from Bob's church school class will be decisions made by the family as a whole, because they affect the family as a whole.

When the family concerns are thus democratically decided, the cooperation of all is more readily and cheerfully given. When a policy has been reached by the consensus of family minds, even the younger members are more ready to abide by it than when a policy is stated flatly by a parent. To be sure, the authority of the experience of parents must always

carry great weight in family matters. But many times, after good-natured and open-minded discussion, the parents' experience will serve the child's inexperience in a possible compromise. What better training ground could there be for eventual participation in the democratic world outside of the

Fun on jaunts
cooperatively
planned



home? Or what better preparation for service in the Christian fellowship of a church?

IN ORDER TO insure this democratic give-and-take within their families, many parents are finding the idea of a family council helpful. Other families wish to be more informal in their discussion of family problems, but plan definite times for that discussion. Whatever it is called, the value is there. Because patterns of family life are so varied, let us consider the actual experiences of four different families as they are experimenting with democracy at home.

The Greens are a young couple with two preschool children. They realize that the children are still too small to participate in a family council. But they hope to establish one when the children are older. In preparation for that time, they are trying now to help the children to recognize their own worth as individuals. Billy is "big enough" to help set the table; Joanie can bring in the evening paper for Daddy. They are given choices on their own age level. Billy chooses the clothes he will wear each

Zest for tasks
democratically
assigned



DEMOCRACY IS HOMEMADE

Dictatorial parents may keep little children from making little mistakes, but what about the years ahead?

play day; Joanie chooses whether the pink or the yellow dishes will be used for breakfast. They take turns choosing the grace to be prayed at meals. Finally, small family decisions are made with the children's help. Their advice is sought on possible foods for a picnic, or on the route for a Sunday walk. So, when the children are older, the idea of family discussions and cooperative decisions will not be new.

The Browns have three children. Two are girls just entering their teens, with the accompanying full schedules, scattered loyalties, and a new jealousy for their own independence. Their young brother is eight. The Browns have developed a formal, organized family council through the last three years. They meet once in two weeks. Every three months new officers are elected—a president, a secretary, and a devotional chairman. At each meeting, any member of the family can bring up for discussion anything he wishes. According to rules adopted by the family, he must address the “chair,” not the parents, and the problem is seriously voted on, after discussion. Even eight-year-old Carl takes his turn as president.

Father Brown's work keeps him out many evenings. Mother Brown is active in church, Girl Scouts, and occasionally substitutes as a teacher in the public school. Since the children, too, have busy schedules, one of the important items on the Browns' regular agenda is a discussion of engagements for the next two weeks. A chart is filled out and fastened to a kitchen cupboard door. Thus, Patty knows that on Thursday she will be needed to “sit” with her brother; Mother knows that on Tuesday afternoon Sally's Girl Scouts will

use the kitchen to make cookies; Daddy knows when Mother will need the car; all know that a family picnic is scheduled for Sunday after church.

We asked Mr. Brown what happens when the children outvote the parents on matters where the parents' experience and judgment dictate their own policy. He answered, “That never has happened. We state our views as clearly and as calmly as possible. The children state theirs. We discuss seriously. If our arguments are valid, one or more of the children will agree with us. Sometimes, however, we have to admit that the children are right. So we compromise, or capitulate wholeheartedly.”

Because the Browns plan their council night as family night also, they have an evening of family fellowship afterwards. Sometimes they play games, or read aloud, or sing together. Occasionally, a special friend of each will be invited to share the fellowship. The evening ends with a worship time arranged by the devotional chairman.

The Grays have a son of twelve and a daughter of seven. For a year or so, their family council was as formal as the Browns'. But as the children grew older, all began to feel self-conscious and a little silly with such formality in a small family. Now a meeting is called whenever the need arises, by any member of the family. It may take place around the dining table, or in the car on the way to church. Mother and Daddy make certain it is called at least once a week. No vote is taken, but the discussion is continued until an amicable agreement is reached. Allowance changes are discussed, household duties assigned, and family projects planned.

The Grays carry on one project especially worthy of mention. Each member of the family pays a very small amount each week for dues (as little as two cents for the little girl). This amount is augmented by selling old papers and from other sources. When the amount has gradually grown to a worthwhile size, the family discusses various projects. Sometimes it is spent for a family outing. More often it is used as an extra family offering for benevolence.

Last year, the Grays realized that all four were leaving possessions scattered around the first-floor living rooms, creating a needless clutter. On discussion, it was decided to charge a penny for each article Mother found in the morning after the family had left. “Because the children helped to decide what to do,” Mrs. Gray reported, “our treasury didn't grow very fast by that method! But the improvement was accomplished. Now we seldom leave things out of place for long. I believe the democratic decision within our family accomplished what my nagging and scolding never could.”

The Whites have a large family. Four children at home, a grandmother, a daughter at college, and parents all share in family plans. Their council, too, is organized. They meet every Sunday after dinner. “I try to make council day very special,” Mrs. White said. “We plan to meet in a special place—before the fire, or on the porch. A candle, or a pitcher of lemonade adds to our enjoyment. Sometimes one of the children will play a new solo, or we listen to records. Well-fed and relaxed, we are ready to tackle our business. The secretary keeps minutes, which are sent to Dot at college. She can vote on whatever affects her. We try to include recognition of special achievements of family members, as well as routine and disciplinary matters. We try, too, to seek God's guidance on all questions, by including meditation and prayer with our planning.”

“Has anyone ever rebelled against the authority of the council?” we asked.

“Yes, indeed. But when a mem-

ber becomes recalcitrant and withdraws, he finds he still must abide by council decisions, without having a vote. Things that affect him are being decided by others. He soon returns. One day a teen-ager thought we were discussing her private affairs entirely too openly. Now we are very careful to discuss privately, parent and child, those things which apply only to the individual. Family council takes up family matters. Thus I think we help the children to feel they are individuals worth a great deal in their own right, but at the same time members of a family team, which is stronger by far than any of us separately."

In summing up the democratic, Christian way of family living, we

can make several observations:

First, plan a definite time for discussions.

Second, make definite preparations.

Third, remember to seek God's guidance.

Fourth, plan for the discussion of pleasant things (recognition, outings, guests), as well as work schedules and discipline.

Fifth, be very careful that each member, whether five or seventy-five, has a chance to express his individual opinion. Thus will each grow and develop, and feel his own worth and contribution.

Sixth, finally, include fellowship and worship to go hand-in-hand with planning.

than in the presence of younger children.

Certainly, matters affecting the family as a whole are appropriate for council discussion. Family worship, recreation, allowances, scheduling of individual or family engagements that might conflict, relationships with persons outside the home (including those of other races or religious beliefs)—all these would be of group concern. The family council would also want to reserve time to evaluate family projects of various kinds. Also, it might well discuss ways in which specific teachings of Jesus apply to life within the family and to relationships with others outside the family.

3. *When and how frequently ought your family council to meet? How formal should its organization be? What program elements should be included?*

Some family councils meet on call; others have a specific time set aside on a weekly or bi-weekly basis. What do you think would be best for your family? Is Saturday evening suitable? Do you prefer Sunday after dinner? Is there a better time for your family?

Would it seem feasible for your family council to consist of informal discussion of matters brought up indiscriminately by its various members? Would your family prefer selecting a chairman who would be responsible for preparing a list of things to consider? Do you or your children find attractive the idea of having a president and secretary elected for specific terms, such as one, three, or six months?

There are families that include three elements in their family council program: worship, group discussion of family problems and opportunities, and recreation. Does this idea appeal to you? Does it seem practicable in your home? Would you, on the other hand, prefer separating these three elements, reserving the family council primarily for discussion of family concerns? Are there other elements you would include in the family council pattern?

4. *In what ways, other than a family council, can a home be a Christian democracy?*

In what ways does such a spirit affect the relationships between persons in the home? Does democracy mean that everyone can have his own way? What happens when interests conflict?

III. Available Helps.—

The Family Lives Its Religion, by Regina Wieman. Harper & Bros., 1941. 236 pp.; \$2.00.

The Christian Family, by George W. Fiske. Abingdon Press, 1929. 138 pp.; \$1.25.

The Home and Christian Living, by Percy R. and Myrtle Harmon Hayward. Westminster Press, 1931. 150 pp.; \$1.50.

"Planning Together in the Family Council," by Ruth E. Lentz. HEARTHSTONE, July, 1951.

"One Way to Succeed as a Family," by Alice B. Stone. *Parents' Magazine*, August, 1948.

STUDY GUIDE

I. In Preparation.—

The leader will, of course, want to make a thorough study of the article. He (or she) will find it helpful to list its major ideas and relate them to the discussion suggested below. The greater the number of participants who read the article in advance and prepare their own questions and points of discussion, the greater will be the value of the meeting.

To add variety to the meeting and to make it more effective, the leader may request a representative family in the group or in the church to give a brief dramatization of a family council in action. The family may follow one of the types suggested here or work out its own idea. A discussion could follow, based on questions arising out of the dramatization, or from the experience of members, or from section II below.

The leader will also find it profitable, if he prefers another approach, to assign the four major discussion divisions listed under II to four different persons. Each person could then introduce a discussion with a three-minute report based on personal research, personal experience, or the experience of others.

II. For Discussion.—

1. *Does the family council idea have any value for your family?*

This question could introduce a discussion of the basic Christian principles that make a democratic home life both wise and enjoyable. Consideration could be given, *very briefly*, to types of home life that are undemocratic.

The thinking of the group could also be focused on the place of parental authority and experience in the democracy of a Christian home. What is the difference between the arbitrary use of such authority and experience, and their

value in the training and growth of children?

If there are any questions as to the value and place of democracy in a Christian home, face the objections frankly and find the Christian answers to them. In what kind of family does the family council work best?

2. *What matters should be considered in a family council discussion?*

There are differences of opinion that will arise in most groups in answer to this question. Some feel that anything that affects any member of the family is suitable for council consideration. Others, however, will feel that matters of a personal nature, as, for example, those involving the out-of-home practices of older teen-agers, can be handled more suitably in personal conference, rather

WHEN CHILDREN COME WITH YOU

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, or in books in the church or public library.

Direct Games. Suggestions for games are sometimes given in the primary and junior storypapers and in this magazine. A good book of games is *Children's Games Around the World*. Another good one is *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin. You may be able to borrow these books from your church or public library.

Guide in Making Things. Ideas and suggestions are frequently found in the primary and junior storypapers and in this magazine.

SUMMER is such a troublesome time," a young mother sighed recently, in my hearing. "The children are in and out of the house all day, slamming doors, getting into arguments. And then there is the problem of the neighborhood kids to cope with. That's the worst of all!"

Her complaint set me to thinking of the Brown family, and how they handled the summer vacation problem. They lived in an average neighborhood which teemed with youngsters—good, indifferent, and a couple of downright troublesome and naughty ones. One of the worst was a boy living right next door, a ringleader in every kind of mischief, seemingly. Several times, the two Brown boys were absent for long periods of time in his company, and the disquieted parents learned they were taking up with gangs of boys in other parts of the city.

The Browns talked it over and decided they wanted their children to stay in their own yard, even if it meant having some of the less desirable youngsters underfoot. At least, they would be close at hand where their activities could be watched.

Their first move was to discuss the project with their own boys, and find out what would make their own premises interesting. They learned that, more than anything, the neighborhood boys wanted some kind of clubhouse

where they could gather for meetings and recreation. A "hang-out," the boys called it.

It seemed to Mrs. Brown that their spacious garage, situated close to their house and within view of her kitchen window, would answer the purpose. The boys en-

tered enthusiastically into the plan, and furnished the garage with articles from their attics and basements. They gathered together a few chairs and benches, a rough table, on which they piled old books and magazines. And, wonder of wonders was an ancient phonograph and a collection of old records supplied by one of the neighborhood fathers who had once owned a music store.

The boys hung trapeze rings in the garage entrance, so there was usually someone skinning the cat, or working on some stunt he had seen at the circus. They added a homemade "coke" machine, and literally, "took over." Mrs. Brown grew accustomed to the strains of old jazz favorites which floated through her kitchen windows most of the day, between the boys' shouts and arguments.

The "club" members drew up a set of rules for their own conduct, with strict disciplinary measures for those who broke them. But the clubhouse was such an attraction that only once during the summer did Mr. Brown have to lock the doors because of some infraction of the rules.

As for the problem-boy next door, while he did not become an exemplary member, he did manage to cooperate in a satisfactory manner, and Mrs. Brown realized what she had always suspected—that here was a lonely, misunderstood lad who needed companionship and direction.

Of course, it all entailed sacrifice on the part of the Browns, and particularly of Mrs. Brown, who made a point of staying close to her home all summer, handing out endless plates of cookies and apples to the club members, who were perpetually starved. Mr. Brown realized that his lawn was taking something of a beating, and, of course, it was necessary for his car to stand outside all summer.

But both of these wise parents realized that wear and tear on lawn and car, not to mention their own nerves, was a small price to pay for keeping a group of youngsters happy and busy through what might have been a disastrous summer.

Fun in Their Own Back Yard

BY HELEN RAMSEY

All in the Family

BY HAROLD HELFER

Only 49, Mrs. Lon Webster, Independence, Kentucky, is a great-grandmother twice. The Kentucky woman was only 14 when she married. She became a mother at 15 and a grandmother at 31. Her 61-year-old husband is a veteran railroad switchman. The couple have 8 children and 13 grandchildren. When asked how she felt having great-grandchildren, Mrs. Webster replied: "They don't seem like my great-grandchildren at all—more like my own children. We are all one big happy family."

A baby born to Mrs. John W. Davis, Ripley, Tennessee, has a 30-year-old grandmother and a 52-year-old great-grandmother. The baby's mother is 15.

When the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Doyle, Hudson, New York, was christened, she wore a 76-year-old dress which had served three generations of the family.

Mrs. B. B. Voyles and Mrs. Leroy South, of Corinth, Mississippi, each the mother of four children, were operated on for the same ailment on the same day by the same doctor and occupied the same hospital room—incidentally, they're sisters.

At a family reunion at Wallins Creek, Kentucky, John L. Osborne, 96, gathered 293 children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren around him for a "quiet family dinner."

By HARVEY C. JACOBS

*Head of the Department of
Journalism, Franklin College,
Franklin, Indiana*

Family Portraits

Here, four knobs are turned to dial solutions to family problems. If you'll but use these knobs at home, the picture may be as satisfactory

candy, he turned to his father. "Dad," he began, "I have a question, when you've finished the paper."

"Sure," his father said, still hiding behind the sports page, "go ahead. I'm listening."

"No, Dad, this will take some time. I'll wait until you have finished."

Mr. Brown folded the paper and laid it on the coffee table. "The paper can wait," he said. "What's on your mind?"

"We took some tests at school today—tests which were supposed to tell what we're best prepared to do when we finish school. I won't know about the results for a few days, but you may remember that we have talked about this before. I don't know what I want to do yet—I like so many things. There's chemistry, you know, and I still think I might like civil engineering. Then, I think I'd like teaching, too. I'm beginning to worry about what I ought to do—or what I can do."

Mr. Brown took a pencil from his shirt pocket and began to trace the headlines on the folded paper. "Ted," he began, "this is a problem which comes to every young person. It's natural for you to like to do many things now. You wouldn't be normal if you didn't have more than one strong interest. But a great deal of unhappiness exists in the world today because men and women are not suited for the job they happen to drift into. Your school certainly has the right idea—trying to find out what you might be best fitted for."

"Yes, Dad, but do you remem-

Young people may find a rugged course ahead if home and church and school do not help them choose the job they're suited for.

White



WE HAVE A new television set at our house. Naturally, we think it's the best one we have ever seen. Would you like to step inside and watch with us?

First, let's try Channel Four—four being the number in the family living at 133 Maple Lane, Yourtown, U.S.A. The name on the mailbox is Brown—J. G., Mrs. Brown, Ted, who is 17, and Terry, 14.

The time was 7:30 P.M., and Mr. Brown had just settled down to his evening newspaper. Mrs. Brown had her favorite magazine, Terry was engrossed in a new book, and Ted was thoughtfully munching a candy bar. Finishing the

The family car may bring pleasure and convenience to all, if its use is cooperatively predetermined.

PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER

by Ruth C. Ikerman

In Gratitude for Sunrise

Dear Heavenly Father:

Hear now our thanks for one of the daily gifts of life, the marvel of the sunrise. Only once in a while are most of us aware of its surpassing beauty, which surrounds us even though we sleep.

Accept our gratitude for an orderly universe in which day regularly follows night. We remember with thanks that blessed sunrise which followed an anxious night of illness when a loved one suffered, or the happy morning when we set forth at dawn on a long-anticipated journey.

So, with the coming of each day's sunrise, may we receive a new portion of light for living, as we begin the day with prayer for guidance and help. May the doubts that linger in the dark corners of the heart disappear as they meet the light of truth.

Even while we live in a confused world, help us prepare, through hearts filled with love and gentleness, to welcome the sunrise of the day of peace.

Amen.

ber what you and Mother used to say? You said you hoped I'd be a doctor."

"That's right, Dad," chimed in Terry. "You said you hoped he might be a doctor, like Uncle Jack."

Mrs. Brown laid her magazine aside and said, "Yes, we may have said that. You always liked Uncle Jack so much. But neither your father nor I want to tell you what you should do as a profession. We've tried to set up some general goals, but we want you to make up your own mind, as much as possible."

"That's right," said Mr. Brown. "In fact, we're not too concerned over the specific job you do—it's the basic resources of life we have been trying to build. Things such as your sincerity and honesty, your interest in people, your faith in God, your ability to accept responsibility, and your desire to work hard at whatever job you have—these are much more important than the name or type of company you work for."

"Yes, Dad, but I'm more practical than you are. I'd like to know more about the opportunities in the various fields."

"That you can do, Ted," his mother interrupted. "We want you to get all the education you can, take the tests your school is giving, talk to men who are working at jobs in which you have some interest and ability, and find out what they know about their jobs."

"Persons like Uncle Jack would certainly be able to help, wouldn't they, Mother?" said Terry. "I want to talk to him about being a nurse."

"That's another thing," said Mr. Brown to Ted. "We want you to take your time. We'll send you to college if we can—and I know you'll work to help—but, whether you go or not, we'll all work together at this thing. I think you can approach this matter just as though you were building a house. Your mother and I have done our best with the foundation. Now it's time to gather all the material for the house. In

this case we must use your friends, your teachers, your school, your experience—all these go into the materials list. We can be a long time building the complete house, but we must get some kind of blueprint pretty soon."

Ted nodded and smiled. "Thanks, Dad, I appreciate all your help. When I get the results of that test I took at school today I'd like to discuss this again?"

"Sure thing, Ted."

TWIST THE DIAL on your television set and you'll bring in channel eight; we'll call it eight because the number of cylinders in the family car is eight, and at this moment the car is the subject of much discussion in the Johnson home. Peggy Johnson is speaking. Her father, a scowl crossing his countenance, sits across from her in the living room.

"Why is it, Dad," Peggy said, "that every time I want the car, either you or Mother or Bill has already made plans for it? You know how much I wanted to drive to the game tonight. I had already told the girls I would pick them up." It was clear to Jim Johnson that he almost had a crying woman on his hands. And if there was anything he couldn't stand—!

He crossed the room to her side and made a feeble gesture to comfort her. "There now, Peg, you're making us seem pretty cruel. You know we aren't. It just happens that I have an important meeting at the office tonight, and I need the car. Your mother has a meeting at the church and Bill has a date. Now"—he threw up his hands—"what do we do? We have one car and four persons who think they need it." He slumped down on the sofa. This car problem, trivial though it might be, was getting him down. He had insisted that his children learn how to drive as soon as they could get a license. Now—well, he wasn't so sure.

Peggy suddenly jumped up, clapping her hands together. "Dad," she exclaimed, "let's work out a system—that's what you always say. And let's do it before Bill and Mother get home. Let's

(Continued on page 28.)

with Young Children

A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Or, if you and your child have quiet moments together, apart from the regular family worship, the poems, songs and other materials given here may help you share an experience of worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested here are from the graded church school materials. If your church uses these, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear. He will enjoy using these with you at home.

The worship resources given here are divided into three sections: (a) for the 3-year-olds; (b) for the 4- and 5-year-olds; (c) for the 6-, 7-, and 8-year-olds. Should your child want to make his own book of devotions, cut, or let your child cut, along the colored border of each small page. He may paste each of these pages into a loose-leaf or spiral notebook, or on sheets of paper of uniform size to be tied together.

It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.

Theme for August: GROWING AS JESUS GREW

To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

Your three-year-old is growing fast. He is learning new things to do and new words to say. He can begin to know that certain things are planned to help him grow. For example, there is a time for rest and a time for play. You may say this verse to him when he goes to bed at night:

God our Father made the day
When we run about and play.
God made the moon's and stars'
soft light,
Shining while we sleep at night.¹

You might add the simple prayer, "Thank you, God, for night."

At times when you have told him a story about Jesus, or when you have been looking at a picture of Jesus, you may wish to use this verse:

Jesus grew and grew and grew,
Just as all the children do,
He's the friend that children know,
And like him they want to grow.²

—ORPHA MCCALLUM

Your prayer then might be
"Thank you, God, for Jesus."

¹From *Home Guidance in Religion*, No. 45. The Bethany Press.

²From *Home Guidance in Religion*, No. 10. The Bethany Press.



—R.N.

To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut around the colored blocks and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

JESUS GREW IN WISDOM

Even a child is known by what he does.—Proverbs 20:11 (Moffatt).

When Jesus Was a Child

When Jesus was a little child
And played as children do,
I think he brought his mother flowers,
White and pink and blue.

I think that Mary took the child
And held him on her knee.
While she talked of birds and flowers,
And all the things he'd see.

I think the questions that the Christ
Would ask, as small boys do,
About the world in which he lived,
His mother answered too.*

—RUTH B. STATLER

*From *Story World*. Used by permission of the American Baptist Publication Society.

JESUS GREW IN STATURE

It is good to give thanks to the LORD.
—Psalm 92:1.

Table Grace

Dear Father, I thank You,
For good things to eat:
Bread, fruit, and vegetables,
Milk rich and sweet.
May they help me to grow
Loving and strong,
So I may serve You
All the day long. Amen.

—OLLIE JAMES ROBERTSON

Prayer

Dear God, I want to grow like Jesus grew.
Help me to do the things that will make me grow.
Amen.

JESUS GREW IN FAVOR WITH GOD

Jesus . . . went about doing good.—Acts 10:38.

As Jesus Grew

As Jesus grew
He did the things
God wanted him to do:
He was kind;
He was friendly;
He helped others;
He taught about
God's love and care.
Every day he showed
He loved God and
God loved him.

—JUANITA PURVIS

Prayer

Help me to grow as Jesus grew. Amen.

JESUS GREW IN FAVOR WITH MAN

Be kind to one another.—Ephesians 4:32.

Thank You for Helping

Thank you, God, for fathers and mothers.
Thank you for sisters and baby brothers,
And help me, God, to find a way
To show my love to them today. Amen.

—ANN JENNINGS

Song

"Friendly Ways," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 44.

Stories

"Mary Jane's Happy Day," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 44; "A Stairway to the Roof," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 45; "When Jesus Visited Friends," *My Bible Leaflet*, No. 46.

To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . . .

(Cut around the colored blocks and paste each small page into your own book of devotions.)

JESUS GREW IN WISDOM

Jesus increased in wisdom . . . —Luke 2:52.

Prayer on a Birthday

God our Father, every time
That a birthday comes for me,
And I've lived a whole year longer,
Let me also wiser be;
Help me, God, to always know
There are many ways to grow.
Let me grow the wisest way.
This I pray. Amen.*

—MARY AMBLER MARSHALL

*From *Hymns for Primary Worship*, copyright 1946 by The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

JESUS GREW IN STATURE

Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature . . .
—Luke 2:52.

He Will Care for Me

The world has many living things
That walk, or swim, or fly on wings,
Or jump, or leap, or slowly crawl,
And God has given to them all
The kind of bodies creatures need
To build their homes and find their feed.
Then surely he, who made them so,
Will care for me and help me grow.

—FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

Prayer

Thank you, God, for planning for me to grow.
Help me do my part. Amen.

JESUS GREW IN FAVOR WITH GOD

Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and
in favor with God . . . —Luke 2:52.

Jesus Was a Loving Teacher

Jesus was a loving Teacher,
Helping people day by day
Know the love of God our Father,
Teaching them to love and pray.

Jesus was a patient Teacher,
Wanting all to learn God's will,
Telling stories they'd remember—
Stories that we're reading still.

God, we thank Thee for this Teacher,
And our praise to Thee we give,
For His love and for His patience,
Showing people how to live.*

—WILHELMINA D'A. STEPHENS

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JESUS GREW IN FAVOR WITH MAN

Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in
favor with God and man.—Luke 2:52.

A Child Like Me

I like to think that Jesus
Was once a child like me,
Who played with other children
In far off Galilee.

I'm sure He never quarreled
Or sulked to have his way,
I'm sure He shared His playthings
Unselfishly each day.

I know He loved His mother
And helped her all he could,
I want to be like Jesus
And do the things I should.

—HELEN YERKES



Surprisingly enough, these economic nomads, even when finally ensconced in rural luxury, found one more move desirable



THROUGH the years, people seem to have either been born nomads, or else to root deep into virgin soil and defy man and the elements to uproot them. Yet the wars and rumors of wars have found the common people restless.

The quiet country pastures with their "No Hunting" signs are beckoning the urbanites away from congested areas that are now the bull's-eye targets of the dread A-bomb and the more devastating H-bomb.

The good folk from the rural areas have decided that they are foolish to labor for a pittance in the vineyards of our nation. They have decided to gather their golden eggs in one basket, while the war goose is still laying. They have joined the factory programs at the side of their city cousins.

One wonders if this transplanting doesn't create a tragic problem akin to the devitalized condition that exists from the free spending of our nation's

Let's MOVE to the CITY

By Minnie May Lewis

natural resources and from the failure to maintain an adequate balance of favorable replacement.

There can be no doubt that many of these changes should never have been made. Much of the current, frenzied two-way traffic is created by those who have been economically enticed and are now returning, as surely as Capistrano swallows, to their familiar habitat and first love.

Our own household experienced such a rightabout-face. We were so sure of ourselves when we left the city for the country that it was extremely difficult to make a decision about returning to the city.

When these family crises come, we as Christians may exercise the privilege of seeking wisdom and guidance through prayer but we are not always prepared for the answer.

Behind me lies a great crazy-quilt pattern, feather-stitched together by many such prayers. Now, it takes on color and form, but it wasn't always so gracious in the making.

First recollections are of a chain of parsonages connected by links of moving vans. It was a wonderful, terrible life. We would just get comfortably settled and reorganized, when Papa would receive another Macedonian call. Personally, I hated being a ministerial gypsy-child. My friends whose families stayed "put" were my chief envy. I decided, early, never to marry a minister.

The day I was carried, as a bride, across the

threshold of our newly purchased and remodeled home, I was as happy as a queen. Roots! Deep, deep roots, at last . . . WONDERFUL!

How could I possibly have foreseen my stable young businessman husband would become a manager for a national chain store and be blown back and forth like a tumbleweed by the shifting wills of his superiors? I should have married a preacher! At least there would have been a parsonage at our disposal.

Twenty-one years, four children and twenty-seven homes later, I marvel at my exhilaration in the consideration of another move—even on paper. If there is profit of experience to share with other nomadic or economic sojourners, it is twice blessed, for I had a wonderful and able teacher in the First Lady of the Parsonage of those long-ago days.

I soon adopted her slogan, "Let's make everything as homey as possible as quickly as possible!" Early callers were always amazed and delighted to find the curtains up, the furniture well placed, and pictures on the wall.

We found this speed especially wise in temporary arrangements, for it speaks of permanency. A temporary home is the only home known to the people housed therein. The familiar objects of sentiment and art helped ever to tide us over the awful gap of transplanting and strangeness of surroundings. It created an oasis of familiar friendliness in many a lonely desert.

We lived in old houses, new houses, cavernous apartments, one-room share-the-bath apartments. We even lived in a garage one summer, a far cry from the twenty-two rooms and five baths that came later, but we never were quite satisfied. Sometimes, even in a city, you can't see the woods for the trees. We took everything too much for granted—the city services, the educational, religious, and cultural outlets. We grew careless and callous to the opportunities at our very door.

We, like so many other city dwellers, became obsessed with the idea that all of our troubles would be dissolved when we had our own little home in the country—fresh air, room for play, privacy, quiet and God; a place by the side of the road where we could be a friend to man.

That prayer was answered more fully than we had ever dared dream. It had an old Indian-ground setting, boasting its own crooked creek running through its lower acreage. The house was a log cabin set at the crest of the hill, surrounded by a spacious, parklike area, shaded by twenty-three great trees.

Mrs. Blanding had nothing on us before we finally got the little log cabin winterized and modernized. But, then, we knew that when we got everything completed, we would have all the time in the world just to enjoy living in such a wonderful place. The truth is, we never were through. My hat off to the farmer and his wife who add crops and stock and milking and large gardens to the work that was ours. How they ever keep on top of it all is a mystery to me. We had our hands full keeping the grass cut, the

hedges trimmed, the leaves raked, and the snow shoveled.

The drifts ignored the pasture, skidded across the fields and took fiendish delight in dumping themselves in our front yard. They seemed to enjoy cuddling against our long driveway and winding pathways. Muscle-building via snowdrifts isn't nearly as interesting as the unattainable courses in weight-lifting that came via the Y.M.C.A.

The physical drain began to tell on my husband's health as he carried the brunt of the load. The extra time and gallons of gas spent in commuting snowballed themselves into outlandish figures. The private well and electric pump demanded constant care and pampering. A fire had to be maintained in the well-house all winter long or the pipes would freeze. His every free moment was completely absorbed keeping the place comfortable for his family, and lovely for the continuous flow of guests.

We learned there is much truth in the jokes and cartoons concerning the sudden quantity of friends who found our house "by the side of the road" the perfect culmination to a Sunday afternoon ride, and much more reasonable than dining out. Isn't it strange what appetites are created in one short afternoon in the country air? We often entered a new week exhausted in body and badly frayed in purse and soul, but we had been a friend to man!

We couldn't afford two cars, and there was no bus service, so the family was cut off from social affairs and church activities except for Sunday morn-

(Continued on page 31.)

What Is Man?

When man first looked up from the clod
He saw a star, and thought of God.

He stood straight, and tried hard to see
Farther into immensity.

He ran and climbed the nearest hill,
That he might see the higher still.

A mountaintop obscured the view
For him, and so he climbed that too.

Still not contented with the sight,
He built wings for yet farther flight.

God smiled on his ambitious son,
And called him The Uplooking One.

CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

WABBLES

and

WADDLES



By Bernice Barnes Fritz

WOBBLER and Waddles were two yellow ducklings. Their little yellow coats were fluffy and soft like new powder puffs.

Wobbles belonged to Mary Lou, who was six years old, and Waddles belonged to Bobby, who was almost three.

The ducklings had once lived on a farm. One day Mary Lou and Bobby visited the farm. The kind farmer gave them Wobbles and Waddles.

When Mother saw the ducklings, she said, "Oh, dear! Ducks are so dirty!"

When Daddy saw the ducklings, he said, "Oh, my! Ducks are too noisy to live in a city!"

But Mary Lou wanted the little ducklings *so much*. She promised, "I will keep their house clean every day."

Bobby wanted the ducklings *so much*. He said, "I will ask them to be quiet."

Mother and Daddy smiled at each other and said that the children might keep them for a while. Mary Lou and Bobby danced up and down with joy.

Wobbles and Waddles said, "Quack, quack," which meant "Thank you" in their language.

Wobbles and Waddles grew very fast. Soon there was not a speck of yellow fluff on them. They had gray feathers instead.

On hot summer afternoons Mary Lou and Bobby would fill a big

tub full of water. Then they would let Wobbles and Waddles out of their pen.

The ducks would say, "Quack! Quack!" They would flap their wings and flip their tails. And before you knew it, they would jump into the tub of water and swim round and round. It was such a pretty picture.

But as Wobbles and Waddles grew older, they began to annoy Mother and Daddy.

Sometimes the children would forget to put the ducks back into the pen. Then Wobbles and Waddles would visit all the neighbors' gardens. Sometimes they would get lost. Mary Lou and Bobby would hunt and hunt for them.

The little ducks were noisy, too. They talked loudly about everything they did. They told about every bug they caught and every drink they took.

Finally, Mother said, "I believe we shall have to send those ducks back to the country. They are always tracking muddy water upon my porches."

"I agree with you, Mother," said Daddy. "They are getting so noisy, too."

"Oh, please, Mother and Daddy, let us keep them a little longer. We love them so much. Maybe they will do something for us someday."

And out in their pen Wobbles and Waddles said, "Quack-quack"

just as softly as they could.

One day Daddy decided to wash his car in the back yard. He went into the basement to turn the faucet which lets the water run to the outdoor hydrants. Then he attached the hose to the hydrant in the back yard.

Mary Lou let Wobbles and Waddles out of their pen. The little ducks loved water so much. They came over to Daddy's car and stood where the water could sprinkle on them.

"Quack-Quack!" they said, which meant, "This is fun!"

Finally, Wobbles cocked his head to one side. "Quack-quack-quack," he said. This meant, "Listen, I hear other water running."

Then Waddles cocked his head to one side and listened. "Quack-quack! That's right."

And away they both went around to the front of the house.

Oh me! Oh my! What did they see? The front hydrant had not been turned off and the water was pouring right into Mother's flower beds.

"Quack-quack! A flood!" yelled Wobbles.

"Oh, Lady-in-the-House, come quick. Your pretty flowers . . . Quack-quack!"

"Q u a c k—quackquackquack-quackquackquackquackquack!"

Mother was baking in the kitchen. She kept hearing the noisy ducks. When Wobbles and Waddles came up on the clean front porch and quacked louder and louder, Mother went to chase them away.

But as soon as Mother reached the front porch, she heard the front hydrant running and saw what was happening to all her pretty flowers.

"Oh! Oh!" Mother hurried to turn off the faucet. She turned the water off just in time to save her bed of pansies.

Daddy and Mary Lou and Bobby came running.

Then Mother explained, "The ducks . . . they told me. They

(Continued on page 29.)

*Faith, prayer, God and church were
vital factors in the success of this woman
who, at fifty-one, scorned a widow's pension*

A Christian Woman in Business

By Hazel Thomson



WHEN genial, buxom Florence Buckow assumed the management of her husband's indebted bottling plant in Aberdeen, South Dakota, shortly after his death in 1935, her friends and business associates commented, "That's no job for a woman. You can't make a go of it." Even her attorney suggested that she give it up and take a widow's pension.

But "Flo" Buckow was not made of stuff that gives up when the going looks rough and rugged.

Today, eighteen years later, this 69-year-old, brown-haired, twinkle-eyed, friendly woman is retired with sufficient income to live a leisurely and happy life. In fact, when she sold her plant in June, 1948, for \$60,000, she also possessed a substantial amount of securities, and a house that brings a monthly income. She said, "I figure I can live well until I'm ninety without having to draw a widow's pension!"

But very few know of her struggles during the intervening years, and how bravely she faced them.

Typically feminine, she was prone to tears, but she was not the type that

sobbed on people's shoulders. She indulged in tears in the privacy of her home. The public merely observed a cheery countenance; thus her struggles were rarely advertised.

"I could not have succeeded, I know," she admits, "if faith in God and mankind had not bolstered me for each day's task."

In fact, faith, prayer, God and church, became vital factors in her business success. She absorbed comfort and strength from the Bible and devotional booklets, some of which lay within easy reach upon her desk.

"They were a wonderful antidote when I was blue or down," she declared.

At times, she was almost too exhausted to think of participating in the activities of the church, and would rather have sought relaxation through one of her hobbies—working crossword puzzles.

"But somehow, I could not stay away," she reminisces. "Then, too, I owed it to myself to attend the various church services, for I always came away refreshed, ready to face the huge problems."

Going to church was a great faith-producing aid which enabled Flo Buckow to keep going. So Wednesday evenings would find



Mrs. Flo Buckow, in her office, presented a cheery countenance, rarely advertising the struggles she faced.

A Christian Woman in Business . . .

"I could not have succeeded, I know, if faith in God and mankind had not bolstered me in each day's task."

her at the midweek service, and on Sundays she usually occupied a pew at the First Baptist Church, of which she has been a board member for many years.

Possessing a generous nature, she exercised a keen delight in making contributions to church and charitable purposes. There were times when this became exceedingly difficult, particularly when her debts were numerous and income was low. One Easter, for example, when a special offering was being requested for her church, Flo Buckow gave one dollar!

"I have no business doing it," she had argued with herself as she looked at her empty purse, not knowing where the next dollar was coming from. But she felt constrained to give it. The next morning an order came that took care of that offering, plus an impending debt.

Always a staunch friend to her pastors, though not always agreeing with their policies nor admiring their personalities, she gives credit to one of them for putting her on the road to success—this despite the common belief that "preachers make poor businessmen."

He called at her office one day when she was quite dejected. An important decision was pending, and she did not know which direction to turn. She confided in him.

"Should I take on Pepsi-Cola?" she asked anxiously. "I am not equipped for it, nor am I convinced that I even want to be."

After looking over the papers and investigating all that it involved, he advised, "You certainly cannot go wrong on it. In fact, you cannot go much lower than you are. Chances are you will rise much higher with it."

So, on the basis of that discussion, she made the final decision which eventually brought rich dividends.

Walter Buckow, an assistant plumber who later became a salesman, and owner of the Hub City Bottling Company, captured her heart and they were married when she was nineteen. Thirty-two years later, her husband died after a six-year illness. He left the bottling plant over \$6000 in the red, with no taxes paid for six years, and no insurance to cover funeral and doctor bills. Flo Buckow faced a grim future.

She paid the doctor and funeral bills on the installment plan, and enough business came trickling in to enable her to hire a man to help her keep the plant functioning.

"I did have a home, though," she gratefully acknowledges, "and I must have had enough to eat, for I have the pounds to prove it!"

During the first strenuous years, Mrs. Buckow was manager, book-

keeper, janitor, syrup-mixer, and bottle-washer—without a salary. She began her day at the office at 6:30 A.M., walking to and from work, even going home for lunch—a matter of six blocks each way, sometimes when the Dakota thermometer dipped to 40 below.

She and her assistant worked with beverages and bottles one day; then, while he went on the road to sell the products the next day, she struggled with books and broom. New machinery and repairs were constantly needed; the truck would break down; competition was keen; help was undependable; and some of her husband's trusted friends in the business mercilessly outwitted her. It was almost too much for a mere woman at times.

On one occasion, when she had received an order for five hundred cases of carbonated beverages, she was compelled to cancel the order. A competitor got it, because the extra bottles, which she needed in order to put over the deal, were

Now retired, Mrs. Buckow (right) enjoys her favorite hobby, crossword puzzles, and (below) finds time for cooking, at which she is adept.



purposely delayed en route while a competitor's order was shipped in its place. His order was no larger than hers, but she was merely a poor, insignificant lady bottler who did not count.

She cried for three days over this injustice. Weaker vessels would have quit, or caused a riot. But Flo Buckow mixed her tears with faith and dogged persistence, though heaven knew this was not her environment. She belonged at home preparing tempting meals, at which she was adept.

"There were many sleepless nights," she admits.

Not only did injustice dog her path, but many a financial crisis had to be met.

There was the time, for instance, when her automatic bottler needed parts. Having no credit established, she ordered them C.O.D. When the parts finally came, they had to go back to the post office because she did not have the twenty-five dollars to pay for the package. But she simply had to have those parts. What to do?

Though Flo Buckow was often without money, she was never without friends. So, in her desperation, she appealed to a friend who came to her rescue.

On the next Sunday came that special Easter offering and her sacrificial participation. But on Monday came the order for fifty cases, at seventy cents per case, which enabled her to pay back the twenty-five dollars, plus one dollar interest and enough besides to buy two one-hundred-pound bags of sugar at \$4.45 per bag. She had ten cents left over.

"I can remember how delighted I was," she recalls, "that I had given that dollar in the offering."

The heavy load never embittered her. She was consistently cheerful and interesting to her numerous friends. Even children liked her, especially the "preacher's kid," who often went to call on the "pop lady," sometimes bringing with him a pal or two on a hot summer's day.

Wiping his perspiring brow, he would slyly say, "Boy, it's hot."

(Continued on page 31.)



This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Parties

By Frances M. Powers

Perhaps you are an expert on children's parties, but I'm not. So when we finally evolved this way of doing it, and success crowned our efforts, I was happy indeed.

It had always been our experience that by the time our children's parties convened at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, the children (and I suspect their friends, too) were tired from waiting all day and were sometimes near tears. They wanted the party as soon as breakfast was over in the morning! So we decided this year to try a new way.

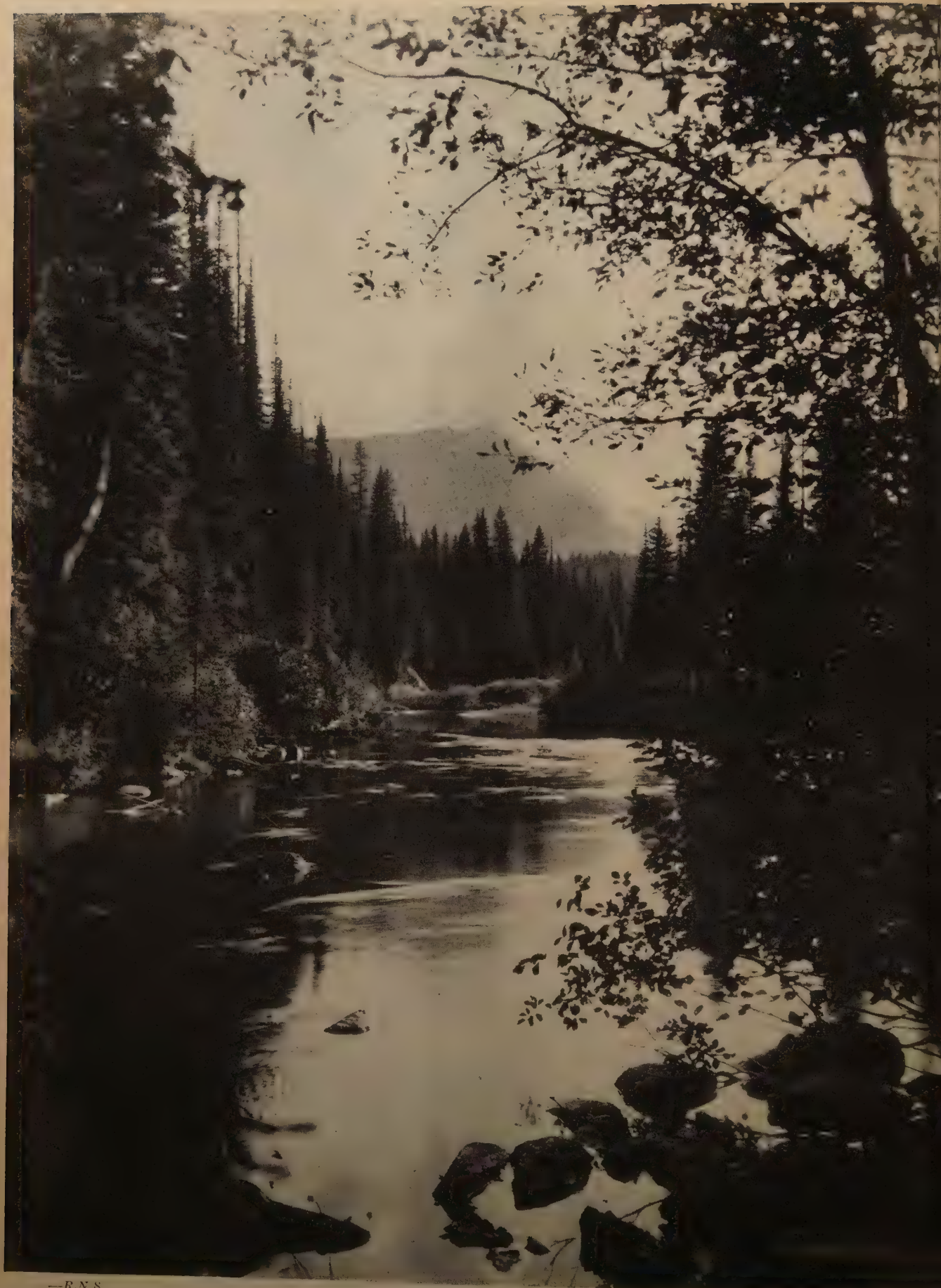
Our youngest little girl was to be five years old. We sent out the invitations scheduling the party from 10:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M. When the children arrived, gifts were opened and the usual games that children love were played until 11:30. Since our party was on

Saturday, the "Big Top Circus" was on TV. So the youngsters sat comfortably on the floor and watched this program while I prepared their lunch. They had sandwiches, chocolate milk, ice cream, and the birthday cake.

Everyone went home happy, and no child's day was upset by a radical change in schedule.

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!



—R.N.S.

A Sermon

to

Live By

"Blessed are the poor in spirit,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. . . ."

"Blessed are the meek,
for they shall inherit the earth. . . ."

"Pray then like this:
Our Father who art in heaven, . . ."

"Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth . . . but lay up for
yourselves treasures in heaven. . . ."

"Every one then who hears these words of mine and does them will be
like a wise man who built his house upon the rock . . ."

—MATTHEW 5—7

HENRY drove the car out into one of the little parking spots on the road which leads through the Rocky Mountains from Denver to Estes Park so that we could catch all of the beauty of the mountains. And as my husband, myself, and our three younger children stood outside the car looking at them, Henry spoke softly, "And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain."

Quickly Donald spoke up. "That is the introduction to the sermon of Christ I used to think was written just for our family."

Eleanor added, smiling at Donald, "I used to think the same thing until I was about fourteen years old and we began to study it at church school."

I looked at Henry, remembering the day I heard him first call the Sermon on the Mount, "A Sermon to Live By." He had added,

"Let's study it at our family devotions. If we can make our children accept it as a guide for their lives, we need never fear for their future. They will walk close to their God and help others to do the same."

At that minute when we stood together, going higher into his mountains, I reached out my hand to clasp Henry's and said, "You have fulfilled your dream, my dear, your finest dream—that of giving your children a sermon to live by."

Standing there so close to him, I had many memories—some very happy, some with a heartbreak which had come as we ourselves and our children learned to live by the wonderful sermon of Christ.

I saw in my memoryland a sturdy little chap standing up against the boys of his ball team, which practiced on a vacant lot near our house, objecting to the

use of vile words by some of them. From my side window I saw him take off his pitcher's glove and hand it to the captain of the team and start toward home. Immediately, some of the other boys ran after him, surrounding him, talking, pleading. And after a little time he went back, again donning the glove and throwing the swift balls his father had taught him to throw.

Again I seemed to hear his firm, boyish voice telling his father that night that the team wasn't going to stand for "cussing" and use of "bad words" by any player. And mentally I blessed the father who had set such a wonderful example himself in following the words of the Beatitude which reads, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

I remembered that a few days later, when a little chap stopped me on the way to the grocery to tell me that our Bob was "bossin'" the team because he was the best pitcher and they didn't want him to quit again, I thanked God for the Sermon on the Mount.

I remembered standing in a hospital room, watching a tiny girl—my first little daughter—struggle for the breath she couldn't find. My heart was breaking. I remembered the strong voice which whispered to me, "For they shall be comforted," even as I mourned.

And a year later there came into our home a second baby daughter—a replica of the little one who had gone away to her God—and I had two daughters to love, one with me and one with Christ.

I remembered the rule from The Sermon which Henry asked his sons and daughters to use when in doubt about motion pictures to see or books to read, "If your eye is sound, your whole body will be full of light; but if your eye is not sound, your whole body will be full of darkness."

And how we all love that message given by Christ in his sermon, "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

How those treasures have varied and how we have been guided by them! How much respect Henry has had for the treasures of his

children in childhood days! How many times he went out of his way as he drove to work and to take the children to school so that Robert, now a responsible mechanical engineer, could watch the trains! How it must have hurt to turn over some of his best tools and his beloved workshop to his boys whose treasures then were the things they themselves made.

Oh, those were the childish treasures which drew our children to us because we respected them. Later came those which seemed to take them away—careers, romance, friends, organizations. But even then, they remembered the lessons in selecting treasures of pure gold, for they did not want their hearts threatened by dross.

I remember the day George, who that day had taken turns with his father at driving through the mountains, discovered that the Lord's Prayer was given the people who followed Christ into the mountain in that sermon—the day he said, "Now I know why he says 'us' and not 'me' in his prayer." He continued in his boyish way, "When we say, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' he means food for the poor as well, and if we pray for food for them, we have to give them some of our food, for they are part of the 'us.'"

After that it was beautiful to see him drop part of his allowance into the bottle on the counter of our drugstore for the milk fund for the needy.

After the children found the Lord's Prayer in the Sermon on the Mount, they were much more interested in the Sermon. Soon they felt that they had to read the entire Sermon to get the background for the prayer.

Then there are the special verses for the mother in the Christian home who wants to train her children to be Christians—the one which says, "Nor do men light a lamp and put it under a bushel, but on a stand, and it gives light to all in the house."

(Continued on page 30.)



A Cheerful

FURNISHING sight and sympathy for the blind is the occupation of Mrs. Edith Fundenberg Church, of California, who is herself chained to her chair by that Giant of Despair, Poliomyelitis.

Alice, my wife, first met her at a club for the blind, where she had gone to help serve a noon luncheon. It was only when Mrs. Church arose smilingly to make room for one of the afflicted that Alice observed how exceedingly difficult it was for her to get around. And yet she had come, piloting a tall, blind man, A. J. Tilley, who in spite of his nearly fourscore years walked proudly erect.

She is, as Alice learned later, housekeeper for Mr. Tilley. Although crippled, she manages to drive a car, and furnishes transportation not only for Mr. Tilley but for other blind folk she picks up once a week to take them to their meeting place.

When driving, Mrs. Church doesn't leave the car if she can possibly help it. When she comes into our driveway and honks her horn, I know that she is on some new errand of mercy and wants to share her problems with my wife. Alice will sit in the car with her, and they will talk for an hour at a time; but some good usually comes of

it. If nothing else, it is the inspiration Alice receives from the self-forgetfulness and good will emanating from this woman so shackled by polio.

A cheerful woman at home is the way I think of Mrs. Church. First impressions are the strongest, and this is the picture I have had ever since I went with Alice on my first visit with her in Mr. Tilley's home where she works.

On that occasion, she greeted us with her usual cheerful laugh and waved us to a seat as she sat in her armchair by a window overlooking the street. Mr. Tilley sat at the other end of the room beside his radio, which he politely turned off as he rose to greet us.

As we found our places, I caught a glimpse of a large, well-furnished bedroom and an open doorway, disclosing a smaller room beyond. "You have a nice little place," I said to Mr. Tilley.

He sighed. "You should have seen the bungalow I built here first."

"It burned to the ground," Mrs. Church put in.

"The insurance went into this cottage. That was before my wife died," he explained.

"And then he went blind," added Mrs. Church softly. "That's why I'm here. I am

"Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us"—this is the prayer of two people—the halt and the blind—as they help one another

Woman at Home

By Mark Wilcox

eyes for him, and he is legs for me. Fair enough!" Again her bright blue eyes twinkled and her cheerful laugh sounded. Sitting there, gracefully at ease with a healthy color in her strong face, Mrs. Church did not seem like one who had been stricken when she was three months old by a dread disease.

"You sure look cozy here," I told her admiringly.

"Mr. Tilley couldn't have planned this place better for the halt and the blind," she said laughingly. "Except for the door to my room, there are no inside doors to bump into, you see."

"How did you two get together?" I asked Mrs. Church.

She laughed. "He was my husband's cousin, but I knew him in Springfield, Illinois, when I was a little girl in steel braces, playing with his daughter about my age. Then the Tilleys moved to California. Several years later, after my husband's death, I saw him again when he was visiting friends in Springfield. He could see then; but just three years later his daughter wrote that he was going blind and needed a housekeeper. I decided to come to California and take over. He seemed to need me."

"And you needed him," I suggested.

Her independent spirit flashed in her eyes as she said, "Well, I

managed to drive across the continent. Mr. Tilley is a great help but I can get along," she added, leaning back with pardonable pride.

"Sure she can!" Mr. Tilley agreed.

"She even went to college—to the Boston School of Occupational Therapy."

I knew Mrs. Church was well read and well informed on current affairs, but how had she managed to go to college?

Mrs. Church jerked herself upright again. "Oh, I managed somehow. Most of the work was brought in and I did it by correspondence, but I also attended classes in a wheel chair. After I graduated I became a laboratory technician in Boston; then I was married and went back to Springfield. There my husband died of tuberculosis and I was asked to manage the U.S.O. in Springfield during the war. I tell you I was glad to have something to do to keep my mind off my troubles at that time. And, believe me, there's nothing like doing something for somebody else to help one find peace of mind."

Alice nodded her head. "I can easily imagine! She does the same thing at the blind men's club."

"That's what they need most," said Mrs. Church with a glance at Mr. Tilley, sitting so quietly in his chair. "They need under-

standing and sympathy. But you must have a lot of patience, too, and never hurry them or touch them without speaking to them first so that you won't startle them."

"I generally have to hurry her," said Mr. Tilley.

Mrs. Church raised her eyebrows knowingly, as if to say, "See what I mean?" But for his benefit she said, soothingly, "Mr. Tilley is an exception, and I know I'm the biggest slowpoke ever. Mr. Tilley is very patient with me, too."

"You must have some pretty deep religious convictions. I can't account for your sunny disposition otherwise," I commented.

"Thank you," she said with a smile. "But I can't take much credit for what you call my 'sunny disposition.' If it's there, the good Lord made me that way. My father was that way, too. That is how he became a state senator. But I do get a lot of inspiration from this Bible of mine." She lifted a small well-worn volume from the stand beside her. "'Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,'" she repeated softly.

Mr. Tilley is not the only one who can bear witness to the Christ-like personality of this wonderful woman. Having survived the ravages of polio, she has given her immunized blood to save the lives of others. She is never happier than when she is doing a simple service for those in need. With her knowledge of occupational therapy, she has been able to advise even when she couldn't visit the patient. And last winter, she employed a woman with three small children and a sick husband, to come once a week to clean house and wash for her. Yes, the children came, too, and were given food and clothing. Then she got the Country Welfare Department interested in looking after the sick husband.

"Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us"—what meaning the words of the ninetyeth psalm has for this cheerful woman as she brings cheer to others around her!

Family Portraits

(From page 14.)

have some ideas to present when they get here."

"Splendid," Mr. Johnson said, "but maybe you think I haven't tried to get some ideas before now. Let's analyze the situation: Here we are—a growing, active family. We live in a town where we need transportation—a car, to use. There are four of us—and one car! Now, you take over, girl, from there. I'm dizzy."

"Dad, what does your company do when there isn't enough steel for all the companies that want to buy it?"

"Well, we have a system of priorities. Companies making defense goods have a higher priority than those making luxury goods."

"That's right. Now, why can't we work out something like this on the car?"

"Peg, you know, I don't like regimentation. But I guess it is the beginning of a system."

"Sure it is, and I think it might work. Oh, not perfectly, Dad, but at least it gives us something to go by so we don't all just stand and shout at each other."

"Peg, we are not in the habit of shouting at each other," Mr. Johnson said, a little hurt at her tone.

"I know it, Dad," she said, hugging him. "You and Mother have been wonderful. You're—well, you're just good sports, that's all. Now, let's see . . . If we set up this priority system, there should probably be three separate lists—maybe more. The highest priority should probably go to those

uses of the car which involve things such as your job, the church, actual participation in school activities . . . Say, Dad, it will be fun making out these lists. Help me, so we *can* have something to show Mother and Bill when they come home, will you?"

"Of course I will, Peg," Mr. Johnson answered.

NOT ALL television sets are so well equipped, but ours is modern. It will receive stations on higher frequencies, better known as UHF. In this case, our UHF set brings in Usually Harmonious Families, in which the atmosphere is cleared with a series of knobs labeled: Fair Play, Cooperation, Frank Discussion, and Faith.

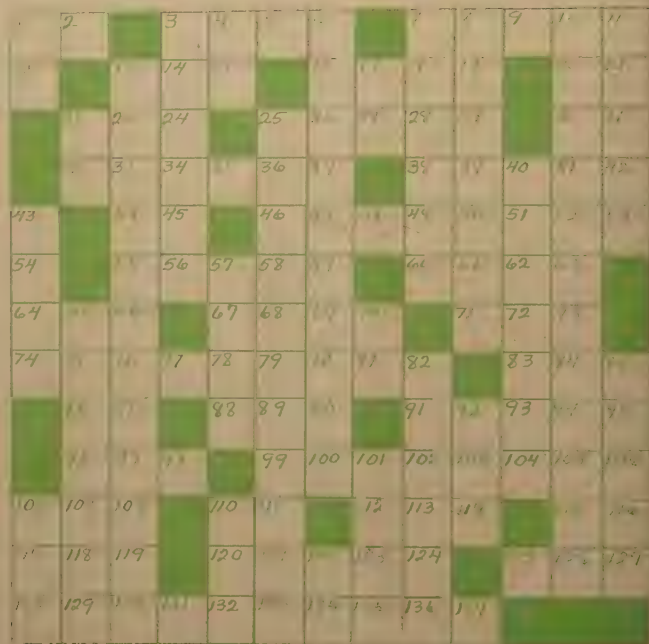
Try turning these controls sometime. They produce "family portraits" of great clarity and of lasting beauty.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.



A The planet on which we live	121 92 117 112 97
B To add sugar	12 38 45 98 52 62 100
C Bowed the knee	58 124 135 118 94
D Number in a double quartette	90 126 127 68 108
E Coins of small value	33 18 70 11 34 69 32
F The apostle called "The Baptist"	74 131 101 134
G Protection for the finger in sewing	16 61 20 44 103 6 57
H Showy, or sporty	64 53 9 59 89 2
I Half of half a dozen	129 72 123 91 56
J To starve, or destroy with hunger	111 47 1 39 82 23
K Occurring every year	7 85 102 10 120 31
L To scare, or terrify	13 35 86 77 28 88 8 25
M Externally, or on the outside	67 99 71 17 110 75 60
N Minutes in a third of an hour	22 115 50 80 40 73
O To make shorter	3 41 14 66 37 46 21

Solution on page 31.

P More covered with dust	76 5 51 81 26 19 84
Q A masquerade costume	119 4 30 104 43 65
R An expression of intention to do harm or injury	29 95 93 63 122 96
S Sacred songs	128 54 78 107 137
T Peculiar, or odd	55 105 15 106 49 27 24
U A dried grape	48 83 36 109 42 87
V Place in which a family usually lives	113 116 132 136 79
W A prophet	133 114 130 125



Family Counselor

Ralph is sixteen, and his father thinks he is too young to use the family car on dates. But it isn't age that counts so much as good driving judgment. Teen-agers, take the "auto test" below. If you girls have juvenile boy friends, mail them a copy of this Case Record.

Ralph W. is a high school junior. "Dr. Crane, don't you think my dad ought to let me have our car once in a while for a date?" he demanded irritably. "All the other fellows in my class get to use their family's car. But my dad tells me I'm too young. He says he never had a car to use when he was my age. But I have practiced driving and have a driver's license.

"Besides I'd be willing to pay for any gas I used. But it's very embarrassing not to be allowed to drive our own car. It makes me look like a kid in the eyes of my classmates, and especially my girl."

DADS, TAKE NOTE

Every good father should see that his children know how to swim, how to drive an automobile, and how to do many other useful acts that are now commonplace in America. And don't try to brow-beat your children by saying, "I never had a car when I dated your mother." Times change. New inventions and later conditions do not permit exact comparisons between our courtship and that of our sons in this new generation. The state considers Ralph competent to drive a motor car or it would not have issued him a driver's license. And he is man

enough to offer his dad the price of the gas he uses, which is something a lot of coddled sons never do! Young folks, please take note!

If you "sponge" on your dad to the extent of using his gasoline as well as his automobile, then your dad is doing part of your dating for you! And you are a coddled child, not an adult.

AUTO FACTS

Ralph sounds like a good risk to me for meriting the family car on special occasions, or maybe even once a week. His father has the car insured. That insurance covers Ralph, as a licensed driver. So I'd vote for Ralph in this case. And if his father is still fearful, then the latter should take Ralph out for more driving experience.

Teen-agers, here are the marks of a juvenile or careless driver. See how well they apply to you and your high school classmates.

1. He guns the motor at the take-off so the rear wheels will spin and spray gravel.

2. He races up behind other cars or to a red light; then jams on the brakes, thereby wearing out the brakes prematurely.

3. He boasts about having worn out a new set of tires before his car has covered 15,000 miles.

4. He doesn't look far ahead to anticipate red light changes at the SECOND intersection. In short, he watches only the immediate stop light. Thus he may have to come to a full stop at a dozen intersections when a little more leisurely speed would have caught all the lights while green and saved a

dozen gear shifts, plus the extra gas as well as extra wear and tear on the brakes.

5. He races 70 to 80 miles an hour on the usual highway and thinks he is a "big shot" or a brave he-man for such juvenile recklessness. Any would-be speedster who is a real man, enters the Indianapolis Speedway races on May 30. There is a time and a place for high speed, but the time is May 30, and the place is the Indianapolis Speedway!

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine enclosing a long 3¢-stamped, addressed envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

Waddles and Wobbles

(From page 20.)

really did, or all my pretty flowers would have been ruined."

"I'm so glad," said Mary Lou. "The ducks did help, didn't they, Mother?"

"I'm glad, too," sang Bobby. "Wobbles and Waddles . . . they help."

Mother and Daddy smiled as they poked around the beautiful pansy bed to see that everything was all right.

And what did Wobbles and Waddles do? Well, they felt very proud. They held their heads very high and flipped their tails very fast. And then they said as quietly as they could, "Quack-quack!"

"We were glad to help you, Lady-in-the-House. We will help whenever we can. Quack-quack! We saved the pansies, we did, we did. Quack! Quack!"

A Sermon to Live By

(Continued from page 26.)

To me this verse has many meanings, it is a guide for every day. For in our home I must light a lamp of love, of happiness, of generosity, of patience, of graciousness, and of all the other characteristics of a Christian woman—light it many times a day to make my children want to always live in a Christian home. How beautiful this lamp when lighted makes a day! How the happiness I myself exhale spreads to the children! And when I am patient, they never quarrel. They are full of hope and trust in Christ and in me to make things right for them.

We lingered long in the little parking space that day, looking at the mountains, feeling closer to our God than when we had driven through the valleys, talking about the Sermon on the Mount by which we were trying to live.

We heard Donald say, "Most of the Ten Commandments are in the Sermon on the Mount. But they lose their sternness in it. They are given gently, and the rewards for keeping them are given instead of the punishments for not keeping them."

It was the same Donald who one day had said, after his father had read portions of the Sermon to him, "Jesus had such a nice way of talking. It was no wonder that wherever he went, people followed him."

Listening that day, I realized more forcibly than even before that I and all other mothers should know that the gentle, kind words of a parent are conducive to obedience. And I also had this same realization after I, "cumbered with many things" to be done around the house, had spoken hurriedly or crossly to the children in answer to questions, to requests for aid, and to pleas for advice.

Listening to the voices around me that day in the mountains of our country, I breathed a new prayer for help to remember needed words of the Sermon more quickly through the days and the years which remain in my life.

I remembered Donald's words about people who heard the gentle voice of Jesus wanting to follow him, as the multitude had followed him after he had finished the Sermon on the Mount.

Today on our streets, in our cities, in our neighborhoods are myriads of homes in which the Sermon on the Mount has never been read, and because there is no sermon to live by, there is strife in the home, lack of a loadstone to hold the family together, lack of faith in Christ, lack of love for each other.

Today, leaders of our country who must guide the world like our families say they need "slogans" for their campaigns for better homes.

Let's not let them substitute "slogans" in the homes we know, for sermons. Let's tell the parents in the

home that long ago Christ sensed this need and gave them a sermon to live by, the most beautiful sermon ever preached—the Sermon on the Mount.

The School Bell Rings for Johnny

(Continued from page 3.)

self to that fact more safely now than later when you and his teacher may not always be at hand to help him hold steady. After all, this may be the best time for him to begin building up his resistance to what may not fit in with the best ideals you have taught him. It may take patience and wisdom to meet some of the situations that arise, but that is your challenge.

Be careful what you say about the friends he acquires. His loyalties to them are likely to be strong, and any criticism might only make them still more so. If you can keep him true to good ideals, and give him time to find out who are the best friends and associates to have, the rest will probably take care of itself. If you are fortunate, these experiences will help strengthen him for the still more decisive contacts of the future.

There is a way for you to turn back the flight of time and be a child again during his growing years. If you will abandon your feeling of maturity and experience, and actually live his school days through with him as though you were in the same class, you will understand him better. It will not only be a help and inspiration to him, but it will also help to renew your own youth.

Do you remember how you and your school-day friends used to talk together about your plans, problems, and hopes? Was it not rather good for all concerned, and did you not find that some of those friends were so worth while that you kept them through the years? Then do not be too suspicious of his friendships. He probably meets fine children who will be splendid people some day. He probably has many conversations that he will always remember as having helped him on his way. Give him and his schoolmates credit for trying, anyway.

Why not have such talks with him as you had with your school-day friends? It will help draw him out and get him to open up his mind to you so you can see the good that is in the thoughts of a child. It will please him, too, to find that you have not changed so much since you were his age. If you do that and grow with him through his school experience, you will both get an education.

If the ringing of the school bell that first morning seems to say you have a new problem to meet, do not be afraid. It is not an impossible problem. For a long time children have been starting to school, and look how good the results have been. For a long time parents have been seeing them off the first day, and look how happy those parents have been with what their children became.

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A Christian Woman in Business

(Continued from page 23.)

"Could we have a drink of water, please?"

Though not having had any children of her own, Mrs. Buckow always seemed to understand them. She knew they had not come for a drink of water!

"How about some pop?" she offered.

"Oh, swell," they beamed, as each was given a bottle of the cooling drink.

Thus she lived and struggled for two years, when finally she took on Pepsi-Cola, the decision that had caused many nights of prayer and thought.

Immediately, though machinery, supplies, and help were perpetual problems, her financial status began to improve.

Together with her niece, she began to attend district and national conventions all over the country, satisfying to a degree the urge to travel which she had secretly held for years.

In the midst of these activities, a buyer approached her—there had been others—who made a tempting offer. She had not intended to sell, for she was beginning to enjoy her independence at last. But the thought of retiring from the battleground suddenly looked appealing. So she sold and began the life of enjoyable leisure and travel for the first time in her life.

From a nobody in the business world, to one who has been invited to become a member of numerous business organizations of high repute, Flo Buckow has proved that with determination, toil, and faith, even an uneducated, insignificant woman competing in a man's field, can succeed.

Let's Move to the City

(Continued from page 19.)

ing. The extra phone toll eliminated all but the most necessary calls. The novelty wore off and the children began to tire of the mile and a half to school and back, especially in inclement weather. The older boy was ready for high school, but there was none near. It meant he would be denied all extracurricular school activity.

The ugly question began to raise its head. Had we been too hasty? Should we move back to the city? For a year we bandied the question pro and con. My husband and the children bandied the pros, I bandied the cons. I was a die-hard (of course, I didn't have to shovel the snow or commute every day!). I loved every stick and stone on the place. I was content, but I knew I was hugging a lopsided kind of happiness to myself.

More than we realize, the mother of the household can, unconsciously, become self-centered . . . *status quo* . . . slow to grow with her family. I'm afraid there was little graciousness in my recapitulation.

Doing What Comes Naturally

(Continued from page 5.)

and early adolescence, they would have realized that Jerry possessed no talent for editorial work, and much misunderstanding and expense could have been spared. Mr. Baker's mistake lay in his insistence that Jerry was but a small replica of himself. He failed to recognize that every person has varying abilities, that every individual differs widely in the original equipment with which he is born.

Young people need to think in terms of future careers along the lines of their most native abilities. Had Marie not been so obsessed with the desire for plaudits and honor, she would have heeded her teacher's advice, and the humiliation of failure would have been avoided. Marie's native talents were clearly shown before she reached young womanhood. She possessed that muscular coordination which both a musician and a nurse need, but the dexterity of her hands was fitted by native endowment for the vocation she finally chose.

Some talents can be cultivated, but others cannot.

Would you like to become a doctor, but does the sight of blood make you ill? You can overcome this tendency. But do you hate to study? Does chemistry bore you? Then becoming a doctor will be almost an impossibility. Your vocation must be suited not only to your native capacity but also to your developed abilities.

Have you thought that missionary life could prove the most glamorous career imaginable? Foreign people and strange, faraway lands intrigue your imagination. But have you the neces-

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

My soul yearns for thee in the night, my spirit within me earnestly seeks thee. For when thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world learn righteousness.—Isaiah 26:9.

The Words

A Earth	L Frighten
B Sweeten	M Without
C Knelt	N Twenty
D Eight	O Shorten
E Pennies	P Dustier
F John	Q Domino
G Thimble	R Threat
H Flashy	S Hymns
I Three	T Strange
J Famish	U Raisin
K Yearly	V House

W Seer

sary native talents? Do you like language study? Have you the capacity for sympathy with and response to other people, even folks you dislike? Do you have the ability to secure loyalty and cooperation from others?

God will lead young people into the places he purposes for them if they will combine what comes naturally, with their developed abilities. Let each one choose a vocation in which he (or she) can make best use of his native capacities, in which he can make his best contribution to the world's work, in which he can be of most service to the common good, and in which his tastes and aptitudes can find expression. Then he will find himself in the niche God created for him.

Back in the city, I rebelled against everything—the noise, the dirt, the crowded areas, the infringement on privacy. I resented paying so much for so little in the way of living accommodations. The children were thriving and soon absorbed with their new, full life. Suddenly I became aware they were also becoming more self-sufficient. My husband was noticeably happier; my own hard shell was crumbling.

Our church life began to expand. Our social life was more complete. We began to give of ourselves, and the city returned its warmth. It became exciting. We were being people among people. We rubbed shoulders and shared dreams with the peoples of other races and creeds. We were being stirred in the melting pot that is the heart's core of America. We became a small part of the golden nugget in the bottom of the Assayer's crucible.

The lure of the land vs. the song of the city will always be with us, swaying us like reeds in the wind. God understands just how we feel. Even Jesus, who withdrew to quiet hills and walked by the sea, also mingled with the people in the market place and yearned over a great city.



The Church in Your House

In its earliest days the Christian Church met in the homes of the members. There were no separate church buildings to which the faithful could go for their periodic worship assemblies. It was easy to see then that the church was dependent upon the home for its very existence. The church was in the home.

Today the situation is only partially changed. Now the church assembles in its own building, downtown, in the residential section, or in the suburbs. The church goes from the home to the church building. As a result, in the thinking of many people the church is divorced from the home.

How is it with the church in your house?

The church depends upon your home for its most effective teaching. Yes, you parents are teachers whether you want to be or not. If you want to be, and if you try to be, and if you train to be, you can be better teachers of the Christian gospel than the best teachers in the church school.

Find out what your church is offering to help parents become better teachers of religion. If nothing is being done for this group, get together a few parents of children the same ages as yours and ask your church to provide a class or study group that will help you in this vital matter. It is not only vital to you and your family, it is also vital to your church.

Of course, one thing you can do always: make good use of *Hearthstone*. It is constantly offering help to the home where the church lives. In addition, you can let your friends know about *Hearthstone*. See to it that your church secures a bundle for distribution among its homes.

How Much Does It Cost?

How much does the corner tavern in your town, and the nearly 500,000 others like it in our country, cost to maintain?

G. C. Stearns, a reporter (not a minister) of forty years' experience in California, declares that the cost

of the liquor business in 1951 was over \$23,783,000,000! That was what it cost the nation in cold cash, about ten times more than the revenue received through taxes on alcoholic beverages.

But this was not the highest part of the cost paid. It is safely estimated that 10,000 deaths due to automobiles were caused in part by drinking drivers. Many thousands of homes were broken up by drinking fathers or mothers or both. Thousands of the children of such homes had to be cared for by the state or some other agency. This does not consider the damage done to the minds and characters of these children, a cost that can hardly be estimated. The corruption and graft caused by the influence of liquor is also almost beyond estimation.

Here is a sobering paragraph from Mr. Stearns' testimony: "To open a tavern in any community, evidence proves that one out of every fifteen of its customers, sooner or later would become an habitual drinker; one out of every four of the habitual drinkers, sooner or later would become an alcoholic; one out of every five of the deaths in automobile accidents from that community would be due to the tavern being opened; one out of every five of the divorces there could be laid at the door of that tavern; and the police department could put down on the first day of each new year that nine out of every ten of the arrests made in that community would be on account of the tavern licensed to sell booze."¹

How much longer can we continue to afford to pay this much to maintain those taverns?

Remember!

For the first time in history, there were more than two million traffic casualties in a single year. And this was being written when records up to May 1 indicated an increase in these figures for 1953. Help make August a *safer* month this year, so far as you are concerned.

¹From *Clipsheet*, published by the Methodist Board of Temperance.



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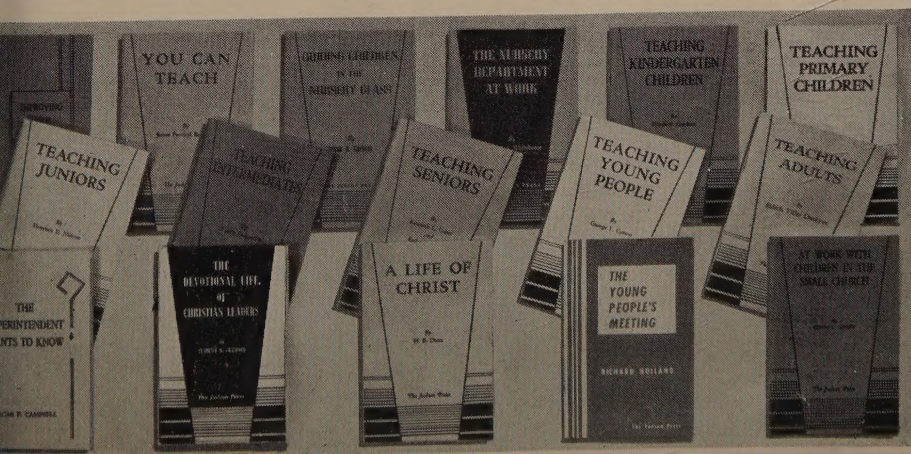
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